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# THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK, AND THE THISTLE.

AUGUST 1863.

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**\*\*** The Eighth Part of "**OUR SIX-HUNDRED-THOUSAND,**" is unavoidably postponed until a future number.

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*The Editor cannot be responsible for the return of rejected Contributions. Authors are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.*

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# THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK,

AND

# THE THISTLE.

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AUGUST, 1863.

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## THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JACOB MORRISTON.

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### CHAPTER VII.

#### SEVERAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

I HAVE heard it said, and indeed once believed the assertion, that a novel is produced somewhat in the same manner as a picture. The author first ruminates over his subject, which, after due thought, he sketches, bringing into the foreground his principal characters, and touching in lightly the accessories. Then, like the fresco painters, he divides his picture into parts and begins to fill in the lights and shadows, perfecting his work by gradations. Years ago, when I used to think about these things, and never got further into tale-writing than the ruminating over a plot, I imagined our great authors sitting down to write their stories with every chapter sketched out before them, and every incident carefully planned and arranged. But now I feel that I must have been mistaken ; indeed I am sure I was, or else I am an extraordinary exception to the rule ; for I find that sometimes my characters are my masters, and that they will occasionally act in their own way, leading me along with them, their helpless slave. Already I find that in this history I am saying many things which I did not intend to say ; and that the characters I am depicting are taking upon themselves to do many things which I had never thought about. To such an extent is this going on that I am almost as curious as the most interested reader can be to know what is

coming next. The truth of my incidents, and the fact that I am painting from no lay figures but from living models, may in a measure account for this. But so it is, and as the contemplation of the fact has interested me I have recorded it, thinking it would be equally entertaining to my readers.

One of our earliest acquaintances is Mr. Julius Jennings, whose portrait, along with several others, I think it desirable to lay before you ; so that, if you so wish, you may turn to this chapter as you would consult your album and refresh your memory with the faces and figures of some of the men I desire that you should remember. Julius Jennings was the possessor of large hands and feet, a wide mouth with thin lips, high cheek bones, piercing grey eyes, and thin black limp hair, which was always scrupulously flattened upon his head. Phrenologists would have said he had a cranium which denoted power, and that the organ of secretiveness was particularly well developed. He was round shouldered, and exceedingly quiet in his movements. Regular in his habits, he was looked upon as a very promising man of business. His shoe-strings never came undone, his neck-tie was always a successful double bow, and the constant exercise of a small penknife upon his finger nails gave them a white and shining appearance. You have perhaps seen a fine bunch of radishes roughly severed in the middle. The simile may be rather exaggerated, but Susan once told Jacob that Jennings' hands often reminded her of those mutilated vegetables. And at the same time she used to say she would not like to be a beetle under his shoe. All she was astonished at was that being, like an elephant, so big about the extremities, he managed to go about with no more noise than a cat.

My next portrait is one of a very different type. Squire Northcotes was a little man, with a red face, grey hair, and small whiskers. He wore a brown dress-coat with brass buttons, a canary-coloured waistcoat, and brown trousers. When he did not carry a riding whip or walking-cane, he carried his hands in his pockets, and seemed even a little more swaggering in his manner than when armed with a whip. He was always cleanly shaven, and his boots had a remarkable polish, and were very creaky. He carried a ponderous watch, indicated by a large gold seal, that seemed to draw particular attention to the owner's rotundity of person. Meeting him in the High Street of Middleton, a stranger might easily imagine that he had inherited the whole town from a long race of distinguished ancestors, and that the paving-stones were peculiarly his own. But he was not a man of such great importance after all. Perhaps his most extensive inheritance was a large stock of self-esteem which lifted up his little head, and made him a terror to all evil-doers who came under his magisterial eye.

Mr. James Bonsall was singularly unlike his competitor for the electoral favours of the good burghers of Middleton. Broad-chested, broad-backed, broad-faced, deep-voiced, blue-eyed, brown-haired, bushy-whiskered, blue-coated, the yellow candidate for the suffrages of the electors of Middleton,

was the type of a country gentleman. He rode about on a thick-set, sturdy nag, something like himself, and when he dismounted there was always somebody ready to hold his horse.

Mr. Bonsall was a remarkable contrast to Mr. Morriston, at whose door his horse was standing for nearly an hour one morning when the work of canvassing had been going forward for some days. Mr. Morriston was a man of the middle height, well made, neither short nor slender, with a high intellectual forehead, a peculiarly expressive mouth, indicative of great good humour, coupled with firmness and determination. There was a restless energy observable in Mr. Morriston; hands, legs, or arms seemed to be continually moving. The subject, if his photographer may so speak of him, seemed never to be in repose, unless you caught him smoking a pipe at the close of the day, and then he was so absorbed in his occupation that he would not have winked for half an hour under the gaze of an army of photographic lenses. It was a fine open countenance was Mr. Morriston's, marked with lines of trouble withal; it had belonged to a handsome young man once, and was now the index to a mind far above that of an ordinary mortal.

"I have no doubt, from my calculation, that you will be returned, Mr. Bonsall," said Mr. Morriston on the morning to which I have already alluded; "of course there are many voters undecided at present, but there is plenty of time yet to gain some of them to the proper side."

"If we had but a newspaper—a yellow newspaper—our cause, I think, would be more prosperous," was the country gentleman's reply.

This struck a chord that only required such a touch to excite to the full the half-created desire which Mr. Morriston had long felt. He had saved money and understood newspaper work. It was not long, therefore, before the conversation took a very practical shape upon this point.

"I have more than once thought I should like to start a newspaper," said Mr. Morriston; "but I fear the expense at the outset would be greater than I could bear."

"I'll tell you what, then, friend Morriston, if I am returned you may command me to the extent of a thousand pounds, towards establishing a newspaper in the interest of our side of politics, and supporting the position the yellow flag will gain if we head the poll."

Nothing could have been more satisfactory to Mr. Morriston than this voluntary offer. It was the very favour he would have asked if he could have asked a favour from any one. That night he was writing until late, and when he went to bed the prospectus of the "Middleton Star" was ready for the printer. It may seem somewhat absurd that Mr. Morriston should be in such a hurry to prepare his preliminary announcement; but that such was the case is sufficient for me who have to record the fact. The "Middleton Star!" Already Mr. Morriston saw its advent in the newspaper horizon. Already he could see it leading the people from darkness into light, attacking abuses, supporting the right, denouncing the wrong,

and in every way fulfilling its part in the great and glorious mission of a free press. For, though Mr. Morriston did smoke his pipe once a week in the bar parlour of the Durham Ox, he had great ideas of what a newspaper should be; though he did compose and print fierce election squibs, he had built up, in his own mind, an ideal press, and the "Middleton Star" was to embody his lofty notion. Journals such as that which poor Mr. Morriston had in view—newspapers established on the highest possible principles of morality—newspapers which should not in the least pander to the morbid sensibilities of the public, but ever aim at a high classic perfection—newspapers which should be something like expurgated editions of Shakespeare, noting nothing that smacked of indelicacy; and newspapers which above all should be fearless in castigating error and wrong, and upholding right and truth everywhere, no matter at what sacrifice—journals such as these have, I believe, occasionally appeared in this mundane sphere, notwithstanding all that about "the trail of the serpent." But oh, fallen, degenerate man! how long did these things not of the world continue? Brevity was, indeed, the soul of their wit; for how can angelic newspapers exist depending for support upon sinners?—unless forsooth they go to the full extent of worldly self-righteousness, and become *Christian Luminaries* or *Canting Messengers*, productions too heavenly to chronicle anything beneath missionary reports or sublime tea meetings, (whereby they no longer become newspapers,) and are never intended by the publishers as a means of making money, but are always started for "the evangelization of the people," or "the amelioration of the masses," under which goodly guise the founders are enabled to puff and push their circulation in a manner that more worldly publishers would blush to attempt.

Mr. Morriston's notions of a newspaper were by no means of this latter character, but he was almost romantic in his ideas about what a newspaper should be. No twaddling paragraphs he thought, as he smoked himself away into a world of his own; no monstrous ewes and gooseberries; no scandalous details of breaches of promise; no frightful murders, long drawn out, and expanded beyond the length necessary for their proper narration; no puffs of quack doctors, no attacks on private character, no glossing over the faults of this or that party, to which the paper is most attached; no holding out of premiums to charlatan salve and pill makers, by opening the advertising columns at quarter the price charged to respectable tradesmen. Up, up, up into the smoke soared Mr. Morriston's idealities. Whether the star of his destiny shone as brightly upon him as the "Star" of his own creation did, as he viewed it through the smoke, remains to be seen.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE ELECTION, AND THE TROUBLES IT BROUGHT TO  
SUNDRY PERSONS INTERESTED THEREIN.

THE election was over. When the voting was at an end, John George Bonsall, Esq., was declared duly elected to represent the borough of Middleton in the House of Commons. After thanking the electors for the great honour they had conferred upon him, and pledging himself to a variety of extraordinary legislative performances, Mr. Bonsall, amidst immense cheering, the waving of flags, the ringing of bells, and the blowing and clashing and drumming and raging of "See the Conquering Hero Comes," which the yellow band would insist upon playing, despite the most yellow of yellow authorities, publicly acknowledged the obligation he was under to his friend Mr. Morriston for his assistance in the momentous contest which had been brought to such a glorious conclusion. The few who heard these remarks cheered lustily, and those who did not made frantic demonstrations of delight. The editor of the red newspaper, who was discovered amongst the crowd, was hustled by a sweep, and made to stick a yellow rosette in his hat prior to the "four-and-nine," as a facetious tailor designated the beaver, being thrust over his eyes. Two known renegades were similarly treated, and Mr. Magar, who had canvassed strenuously for Mr. Northcotes, was only saved from being placed under an adjacent pump by consenting to give three cheers for Bonsall, and bringing up the rear of the procession when the successful candidate was chaired.

In the evening Mr. Morriston dined with the newly-elected member and a select party of friends.

With two other personages who had figured conspicuously on the yellow side during the election, things had not gone on so prosperously.

Some days after Mr. Bonsall had endangered his neck by making a tour of the principal streets of Middleton, in a chair hoisted on the shoulders of several burgesses, two persons surrendered to the magistrates on a charge of assaulting certain electors, and forcibly detaining them, whereby they were prevented from voting, etc., etc., contrary to the statute in that case made and provided.

The Police Court was crowded to hear the case, and there was a large attendance of magistrates. The defendants, it was shown in evidence, had stopped a carriage containing several red voters, and had detained the said voters until it was too late to reach the polling booth before the poll closed. The majority for Mr. Bonsall had not, however, been materially affected by this circumstance; but it was thought desirable by some of the reds that the ringleaders in this disgraceful interference with the liberty of the subject should be punished as a warning to others, and the yellows generally agreed that it was a fitting case to come under the cognizance of the magistrates. The principal witnesses against the prisoners

were Mr. Magar and Mr. Julius Jennings, and the defendants were Thomas Titsy and Horatio Johnson.

The position in which poor Tom found himself seemed to depress him greatly. The doctor, on the contrary, was almost lively, and was only prevented from making several speeches by threats of committal for contempt of court—which he would have justly merited for he afterwards confessed to Mrs. Titsy that he entertained the most supreme contempt for it.

It will not be necessary to do more than record a small portion of the evidence to indicate the case against the offenders.

"You are quite clear, Mr. Magar," said the magistrate's clerk, "that the prisoner Titsy took an active part in unharnessing the horses?"

"I am," said Magar, leaning over the witness-box, and looking fixedly at the clerk.

"What did he do afterwards?"

"He entered the carriage and dragged out one of the voters," was Magar's reply, and this time the witness looked calmly at Tom, who opened his eyes and shook his head.

"Don't attempt to intimidate the witness," said a magistrate, glaring at poor Tom, and making him feel quite a desperate criminal.

"Did the prisoner wear any colours on the occasion," asked a puffy little gentleman with a vacant stare and a very large eye-glass.

"He did, your worship, a yellow rosette," said Magar.

"Oh, a yellow one. Humph," said the little man, and he made a note of the fact on a piece of foolscap, a sheet of which was very properly placed before each magistrate of that illustrious bench at Middleton-in-the-Water.

"And he detained the inmates of the carriage?" asked the clerk.

"He did," said Magar.

"What time was this?"

"Ten minutes to four," said the witness.

"That will do," intimated the clerk; but that would not do for the little puffy gentleman with the vacant stare and the eye-glass.

"I think you said he wore a yellow flag at the time, witness," said that gentleman, biting the top of a goose quill, which very properly accompanied each foolscap sheet aforesaid.

"An orange rosette," said Magar.

"Oh! very well," said the little gentleman, looking exceedingly wise, and taking a survey of the crowd of spectators.

The magistrate's clerk informed Tom that he might now ask the witness any questions, if he desired to do so.

Now Tom, in a most perverse way, had insisted upon refusing the aid of a solicitor. The doctor had determined to defend himself; and in addition to a desire to be thoroughly on an equality with the doctor, Tom's mother thought it best that Tom should not have a solicitor; but should rather rely on truth and justice, for, "if he was really innocent,"



she argued, "what would he want with a defender : it was only rogues who needed rogues to assist them to cheat the law." Mr. Morriston had failed to induce Tom or his mother to change their views. Therefore Tom, on being informed that he could question the witness, did so ; but he did himself no good, as may easily be imagined. He asked Magar whether he (witness) had not made a mistake as to the unharnessing of the horses.

Magar said "No."

He asked Magar if he could swear that it was him (defendant) who dragged the voters out of the carriage.

Magar said "Yes."

Then poor Tom went on to ask if ever the witness had known anything wrong of him ; if he had not a good character in the town, and a variety of other questions of a like nature. The confused and blundering way in which Tom did all this in his agitation, was, of course, considered by many persons, and especially by the little puffy magistrate, quite conclusive of his guilt.

Mr. Julius Jennings seemed to be the chief witness against the doctor. Mr. Jennings was exceedingly sorry to appear. The solicitor for the prosecution ventured to tell the bench as much ; and the witness himself informed the magistrate's clerk that he would rather be excused now from giving evidence if their worships would allow him to withdraw.

The magistrate's clerk of course intimated that the witness could not be allowed to do anything of the sort, whereupon Mr. Julius Jennings gave his evidence, and with palpable and open attempts to screen Horatio Johnson, made the position of that individual as unpleasant as Magar had contrived to make the situation in which poor Tom Titsy found himself.

"Repeat that last sentence again," said the magistrate's clerk, taking a careful note of the evidence : "What did the prisoner say?"

"That not one of these respectable individuals should give red votes."

"Give the real words ; give the real words ; let us have the truth, and nothing but the truth, whatever the result may be," exclaimed Mr. Johnson, looking round the hall defiantly.

"Silence, sir," bellowed the magistrate's clerk ; "you may ask the witness what questions you please when the time comes."

"Perhaps I may be allowed to modify the last sentence by an interpretation of my own, from what transpired at the time, and from what I have learnt since," said Jennings.

There was a little learned discussion upon this point. Two magistrates were of opinion that the witness ought not to be allowed to give his interpretations. The magistrate's clerk said the witness must state what he heard and saw, not what he thought ; and what he had learned since from other sources was not evidence. The solicitor who appeared to prosecute took little or no part in the discussion ; whether his silence



arose from the fact that he was on this, as on many other occasions, in receipt of the magistrate's clerk's patronage, that functionary often having it in his power to give "prosecutions" away, or whether it was out of a merciful consideration of the fact that the prisoners were not defended, cannot be learnt. I incline to the former theory. But the question is of very little moment ; so we will pass on.

After a lengthy discussion, the witness was permitted to state, without giving any opinion as to the prisoner's motives, that Johnson said he would not allow the voters to proceed, because they had previously promised the yellows ; and though a quarter of an hour had not elapsed since that promise, they were now on their way to vote for the reds.

"They had promised me, and I filled up their voting papers at their request," said the defendant.

"Silence, sir," said the magistrate's clerk.

"Witness," began the little puffy gentleman with the stare and the eye-glass, "do you remember whether the prisoner upon that occasion wore any colours?"

"He did," said the witness.

"What were they?" went on the magistrate.

"Yellow, your worship," said witness.

"Green," said somebody in the body of the court. "Wor there any green in his eye?" asked some other low fellow. The magistrate's clerk was terribly wroth at this interruption. The bench, in unison, ordered the interrupters to be seized. Two overgrown young men in watchmen's clothes seized their hats, and prepared to obey the magisterial mandate, and being unsuccessful, the spectators were informed that if another interruption took place the court would immediately be cleared.

"I think you are in Mr. Morriston's employment," said the clerk ; "I have only your place of abode and occupation, I observe, at the head of your deposition."

"I am," said Jennings, "and of the same politics, which makes my position here to-day all the more painful."

In the course of cross-examination, witness said he did not hear Johnson say it was a pity that any body of independent voters should be tampered with, and that he was sorry to see men being driven to the poll like Magar's sheep driven to the slaughter ; if witness did say so, that was certainly not all he did say, and it was not all the part he took in the disturbance ; did not hear the prisoner Titsy say let them go on, you mustn't break the law ; did not see both prisoners go away before the voters were pulled out ; would swear that Titsy pulled the voters out of the carriage ; would not take his oath that Johnson did aid and assist in pulling out the voters ; thought there were others present who behaved much worse than Johnson ; could not say who the parties were.

In fact, it was tolerably clear that in some way the prisoners were mixed up in the disturbance indicated in this brief sketch of the magisterial proceedings resulting therefrom. That Tom had taken an active

part in the illegal stoppage of the conveyance Magar swore most positively. There was some uncertainty as to whether the doctor had done more than make some running comments on the conduct of the turncoats. Shortly prior to the carriage coming up, the doctor had become unusually excited at the sneers of the little man who beat the big drum in the red band, and as that important personage was on his way to the rendezvous of the band, the doctor in a moment of passion, whilst holding an animated argument with his musical adversary, had pushed the drummer into the drum, on the edge of which he had been sitting. But this, the magistrates agreed, had nothing to do with the present charge, and after a long consultation they determined to dismiss the doctor, and to let the weight of legal vengeance fall on Tom, whom they sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

That night it was little Jacob's turn to console Susan. She had soothed his heart-throbbings in many a little trouble, and Jacob, with his arms round her neck, tried now to repay some of the debt of gratitude which he was beginning to find, as he grew older, that he owed to his faithful friend. For somehow or other poor Susan had got it into her head that she was the chief cause of poor Tom's misfortune. She was sure it was her fault that the lad had got into trouble. She could not tell why, but she knew it was so, and nothing would persuade her out of that melancholy belief. As for Mrs. Titsy, if Tom had been sent over the seas, or committed for murder, or sentenced to death, she could not have been more wretched. It was useless to tell her that it was in reality merely a political offence, and one that would not stain Tom's reputation; that he would not be put on the "treadmill." Nothing would console Mrs. Titsy. She applied to the magistrates for permission to live in the prison until Tom's release. She threatened to lie on the gaol steps all night, and would have done so but for the interference of Mr. Morriston, who vowed that he would not again take Tom into his employment if his mother did anything so silly. Moreover, Dr. Johnson, in the fulness of his sympathy for his unhappy landlady, neglected his clients in several market-towns of the county, and remained in Middleton getting up petitions to the Home-office, praying for Tom's release. The memorialists endeavoured to show that Tom was the unfortunate victim of a political conspiracy. The petitions were very influentially signed, and a reply was anxiously looked for.

On the third night after Tom's committal Mr. Horatio Johnson made an important declaration to Mrs. Titsy. After making a series of six smoke rings and blowing them amongst the ornaments on the mantelpiece, he turned to Mrs. Titsy and said, "Keep up your spirits, Mrs. Titsy, I have a medicine that will cure Tom; *I will poison him.*"

Mrs. Titsy thought that her lodger was losing his wits, but common sense can witness to the contrary.

## CHAPTER IX.

ILLUSTRATES THE TRUTH OF THE PROVERB THAT A FRIEND IN NEED  
IS A FRIEND INDEED.

ON Susan's part there was more of expediency than love in her engagement to Collinson. They had not often met, and when they had met their intercourse had been only of short duration. Her regard for Silas was not love, and it was more than respect ; there was a good deal of gratitude in it, and a considerable amount of the woman's feeling that it was time she was settled in life, and had a home of her own. Woman's chief mission is marriage, and Susan had engaged to enter the wedded state because she had been asked to do so by a respectable man who loved her and could maintain her comfortably. But Silas had admired Susan from the first, and so far as his rough generous nature could feel the self-sacrificing devotion of love, all the ennobling qualities of the passion were uppermost in his affection for Susan. Although she was but a domestic servant, and Collinson might have looked higher with a certainty of his suit being well received, he thought he discovered in her character, manners, disposition, and modest good looks all that he could wish for in a wife ; and having no parents to control him, and wanting a happy face by his fireside, and a companion through life, he determined to communicate his feelings to Susan, and to ask her to accept him as her husband. My readers already know the result of his overtures. Silas was accepted, and the wedding, it was at first arranged, should take place immediately on Collinson's return from America, whither he had gone on a business journey to purchase buffalo hides ; for Silas was a practical man, and hoped to make a large sum by this venture, which he told Susan would be a nice thing to help her in housekeeping.

However some little time after his arrival Susan had received a letter from Silas describing the beauties of New York, and telling her that he meant to live there, especially as he found an opportunity of doing much better there than in England. He told her how he was preparing a home for her in the New World, and explained to her how much happier they might live in America, where there was more freedom than in England, and where she could be much more of the lady than at Middleton.

Letters of this sort continued to arrive, and finally the arrangement, already shadowed forth, was made. Collinson's house was to be sold, and Magar was appointed the agent to transact all the necessary business, and pay Susan £100 for her outfit and passage money. Collinson had offered to come over to England for Susan ; but at the same time had intimated that he thought it would be better for him to remain in New York, where he was engaged in the transaction of some important business ; and as the voyage was a short one, and Silas seemed to wish Susan to go to him she had determined to do so, every arrangement being made for the marriage to take place immediately on the arrival of the vessel.

Mrs. Gompson had expressed herself very warmly on the impropriety of Susan's conduct in leaving England prior to her marriage, intimating that there was no knowing whether she might not be basely deceived when she arrived in New York ; men were a perfidious lot, as far as Mrs. Gompson's experience went, and she advised Susan to go out a wife or not at all. But Susan had placed her trust in Collinson, and she gave him full credit for being as honest and true as herself ; and once a woman has pledged herself to a man, and done so in the firm belief of his goodness, she does not quail at stilted and restricted notions of extreme propriety. It would have looked better, no doubt, in the eyes of the world, had Silas returned, married Susan, and taken her to his new home in America ; but if Silas and Susan, two good, honest, faithful, and well-known respectable people, chose to arrange it that the marriage should be solemnized at the other side of the Atlantic, there was nothing in Susan's conduct upon which she need fear criticism ; so Susan was determined to go. Mrs. Gompson shook her false curls, and said of course Susan might please herself, and several gossips in the neighbourhood, including a few confirmed spinsters, *pitied* the poor girl accordingly. Could they have looked a little beyond their pinched and highly-coloured noses they might have seen— But I must not anticipate.

Some few days after poor Tom's arrest Susan received a note from Magar, requesting her to meet him in the afternoon of the following day at his house to receive the money which Silas had directed him to pay to her out of the proceeds of the sale of Mr. Collinson's effects. Susan went accordingly.

Magar's was rather an imposing-looking house, worthy of a newly-made town councillor, who had been returned for the central ward at the head of the poll, and one who had it in contemplation to retire from business and put himself in nomination for the mayoralty ; for Magar had thriven greatly of late, and was becoming much more circumspect in his manners, and making, it was observable to everybody, visible efforts to correct his mode of speech, and "talk fine," as the Middletonians characterized all language free from their own dialect with its sins of omission and commission, and all its extraordinary idioms. Although Susan knew that before long, as Collinson's wife, she would be mistress of as imposing a house as Magar's, she knocked with considerable diffidence at the well-polished door, and felt quite timid when it was opened in the presence of an oaken hall table, with an immense stag's head and antlers upon it ; a hat-stand with pegs made of polished horns ; a rail covered with rugs and coats, and hung with whips ; the head of a huge ox over the staircase ; and a glimpse of a very grand drawing-room, upon which had been expended more money than taste.

Susan was conducted up stairs by a female servant, and ushered into a small room which Magar called his snugery. When Mr. Magar entered Susan was quite surprised at the change in his appearance. He was

attired in black, wore a heavy bunch of seals, and Susan thought he had wonderfully improved even since she had seen him a month previously. Indeed he was quite a gentleman so far as his tailor could make him one; and he approached Susan with the air of one who had a right to patronize her.

"Well—so you have come, my girl; I am glad to see thee" (despite all Magar's efforts he could not altogether leave off his "thous" and "thees"); "and so your are really going, Susan," said Magar.

"I am, sir," Susan replied.

"Quite made up your mind, eh?" continued Magar familiarly, patting Susan on the shoulder, and looking at her with what he meant to be a very winning smile, which was in nowise warranted by the intercourse that had previously taken place between them—Susan having never spoken to Magar except on business matters, arising out of her journey to New York—so Susan quietly withdrew from Magar's touch, and looked at him with a particularly surprised expression of countenance.

"Oh, thou needs not to be offended, my dear; Collinson would not mind it, and thou'lt soon be thousands of miles away; let us be good friends, Susan."

"Friends, with pleasure, Master Magar; you are the friend of Silas, which is enough for me to respect you; but I came here on business, and I hope you will not detain me."

Susan spoke in quite a majestic style. It was astonishing to see her grow really commanding and dignified in her manner. Mrs. Gompson would have said she was "putting on nice airs;" but Susan felt that Magar had no right to look at her as he had done, which she could not help interpreting into an insult, and only the beginning of something more offensive. She could not have told you exactly why she regarded it in this light, but that the thought had come into her mind was quite sufficient for Susan.

"Well, well, Susan, let us shake hands, and really be friends," said Magar.

"We are friends, Mr. Magar, without any shaking hands, so far as I know," Susan replied.

"No—no, I fear we be not," Magar went on, taking Susan's hand without its being offered, and squeezing it a great deal more than Susan thought necessary, and adding his former exclamation, "and so you really are going."

Susan thought Magar was tipsy, but she was mistaken, though he had drunk off half a tumbler of brandy before he entered the room. She noticed that at the mention of Collinson's name a strange expression of discomfort stole over his face, and this all the more convinced her that he was bent upon some annoyance to her.

"I really am going, Mr. Magar," said Susan, withdrawing her hand, "and I will thank you to finish the business which called me here, at once, or I must leave without."

"Oh, bless us! how impatient we are. Thou need not be afraid of gossiping with me a bit. There's nobody at home. The missus is out of town. I'm all alone in my glory. Now come, we will have a nice pleasant talk before you go," he continued, taking her by the hand, and conducting her to the seat she had vacated.

"What do you mean, Mr. Magar?" Susan replied, getting alarmed more at Magar's manner than his words.

"Mean! why, I mean that I think you a very nice girl, and I am sorry we are going to lose thee, wench. If I was a single man, Susan, thou should not go. Thou doesn't know what a liking I've always had for thee."

"I will hear no more of this," said Susan, rising and moving towards the door.

"But you must, my love," said Magar, intercepting her, and seizing her by the arm; "if thou makes a fool of thyself and calls out, all the town will be talking about thee to-morrow; so just listen to what I have to say quietly, for I am bound to say it;" and the scoundrel went on excitedly: "Silas Collinson is in my power—he is a beggar, if I like—a nonentity: now, will you listen?"

This change of tactics had its desired effect. Susan said she would listen; for there was something so terrifying in Magar's manner when he said Collinson was in his power, that she felt that it was her duty towards her future husband to hear that she might warn him against any threatened danger.

"Well, then," said Magar, when they were both once more seated, "write me a receipt for the hundred pounds I am to pay you."

"Let me ask one question," said Susan: "Why was not Mr. Collinson's house let instead of being sold? Silas has not told me that in any of his letters."

"Is that all you have to ask? Well, because the gentleman who was going to take it changed his mind, my dear, and we could not get anybody else to take it; and because, when Silas, thou knows, left England, he did not intend to stop in America," Magar answered.

Then Susan wrote on a piece of paper: "Received a hundred pounds of Mr. Magar: Susan Stimson;" which Magar said would do very well, and he handed to her the money in crisp Bank of England notes—a sum which Susan, in her limited notions of wealth, thought could hardly exist out of a bank, and which she put into her pockets with a feeling of great responsibility.

"And now, Susan, you won't mind giving an old friend a kiss before you go your long journey," said Magar, rising.

"Well not at present, perhaps I may before I start," said Susan, feeling that the conciliatory style would best serve her purpose. "Tell me first, Mr. Magar, what did you mean by what you said about Silas?"

"No, no, I must not, Susan," Magar replied, again putting on the very winning smile which had previously so alarmed her.



"Do tell me," said Susan, frightened herself at the coaxing tone in which she appealed to him for the information.

"Will you promise then to listen to all I have to say?" inquired Magar.

"I will," was the reply, and the friend of Silas thus delivered himself:—

"I can make or mar Collinson in a moment; he has not a penny but at my beck and call. He is a beggar, and that is why he bolted to America; and there he will deceive you. Now, I have heaps of money, a fine house, lots of land. I have a wife who cares nowt about me, and I care nowt about her. English laws will not let a fellow have two wives. In foreign parts they don't care. Now, have me as a companion over the sea, I will make a lady of you; thou shalt be my wife from to-day. I love thee, Susan, I love thee," he exclaimed, seizing the terrified creature round the waist before she had time to reach the door.

Then there was a loud shriek . . . In another moment Magar measured his length on the floor, and Susan was in the arms of Horatio Johnson—a friend indeed.

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## CHAPTER X.

### HORATIO JOHNSON EXPLAINS HIMSELF.

Mrs. TITSY's amiable lodger, the sole inventor and manufacturer of the Oriental remedy, had been actively engaged in procuring signatures to a memorial in favour of the release of Tom Titsy. Setting aside his dislike of Magar, in his desire to serve the unhappy prisoner, Dr. Johnson had determined upon obtaining Magar's name to the petition, hoping that the fact of the chief witness against Tom taking an apparent interest in his welfare would have some effect when explained at the Home Office. Full of this laudable design Horatio Johnson entered Mr. Magar's house, immediately after Susan had been ushered into the snuggerly as already described. Mr. Magar's domestic, the only one left in charge of the house in the absence of Mrs. Magar, told the Doctor that her master was engaged with Susan Stimson; so the Doctor said he would wait, as he wanted to see Susan.

The domestic left Horatio in the dining-room. After a short time, he thought he heard Susan speaking very excitedly; and, not out of any vulgar curiosity, but simply influenced by his good feeling towards Susan, he walked into the hall and listened. Here he became satisfied that Susan was angry—once he thought there was a scuffle; and the doctor soon found himself gliding along the passage and up the stairs, until he was almost at the door of Mr. Magar's snuggerly. The conversation inside went on quietly for a little time; then the voices became louder, and the Doctor



drew closer to the door, carefully turning up the cuff of his right sleeve as he did so, and buttoning his coat. At length Magar spoke loud and passionately, which was followed by an evident struggle and a most unmistakable scream. In the Doctor's opinion, the cry of a woman in distress, and that woman Susan Stimson, neutralized all the rights and privileges set up in the proverb that an Englishman's house is his castle. No man had a right to be a Blue Beard if he had a castle, thought Horatio (which thought passed through his capacious mind in a moment); so bang, smash, crash went in the locked-door of the snug-gery, and down went Ephraim Magar on his own hearth-rug.

The fallen one seeming in no hurry to rise again (and his only domestic being engaged at the end of the street in conversation with the baker's boy), the Doctor walked off with Susan who, on the way home, told him something of what had occurred, carefully omitting to mention anything about Collinson being in Magar's power, fearing that an acknowledgment of this would strengthen the persuasion already used to prevent her leaving England. Johnson had overheard the mention of Collinson's name, but could not understand in what way it was used, and Susan was not long in discovering this, to her great satisfaction; for now she was more than ever bent upon going to Silas. The thought of Collinson poor—Collinson a beggar—Collinson in the power of Magar, excited sensations she had not previously felt. The woman's highest nature was touched. She felt something of that loving sympathetic yearning which prompts women to go into the midst of disease and death, ministering to the wants of poor suffering humanity; and with this feeling was coupled a deep gratitude that almost warmed into love. Collinson in prosperity had sought her who was in a much humbler sphere of life than himself, and had loved her for herself alone—she knew he loved her; and now that some unforeseen circumstances had brought him down in the world (for she never doubted Magar's words), she longed to prove herself worthy his love and confidence; and I am prepared to venture the assertion, that had Cupid, in the first instance, directed common-place shafts against poor Susan's heart, instead of mounting them with gold, he would have been much more successful in penetrating and conquering that vital part, which is supposed to be the seat of love as well as of life.

When Horatio Johnson went home he found Mrs. Titsy somewhat calmer and more resigned than she had been for several days, whereupon he propounded to her the meaning of his extraordinary threat to poison Tom.

"There is nothing else for it, my dear Mrs. Titsy. The necessity makes the man, and the difficulty creates the remedy. There are extraordinary paradoxes in this life, remarkable contradictions that have puzzled the wisest; and when I tell you that the only way to procure Tom's release is to poison him, I do not marvel, my dear madam, that you are amazed. But I tell you that in Tom's case poison will be the antidote to prison.

'Tis a cunning thought. What sayst thou, O sage philosopher?—that cunning is but the low mimic of wisdom. Mimicry has a very perfect way of assuming wisdom then, and I'll e'en behind its shield and thrust with the sharp and insinuating weapon with which it arms a man withal;" with which preface to what Mrs. Titsy regarded as a speedy departure to the lunatic asylum, the Doctor directed Mrs. Titsy to make a cake for Tom, and submit the cake to a certain process which the Doctor proposed it should undergo prior to its delivery at the gaol.

In short, the scheme which the Doctor unfolded to Mrs. Titsy was this: a cake should be made, into which the Doctor would insert a certain quantity of a poisonous drug sufficient to make Tom ill, but far short of enough to kill him. This was to be delivered somewhat mysteriously, but professing to come from Mrs. Titsy; for Tom was chiefly maintained by his friends, being on an equality with the prisoners for debt, so far as his liberty to receive refreshments from without, went. On eating this cake Tom would be ill. Then there must be a rumour that he had been poisoned. Tom must be instructed beforehand. He would say he was sure the loaf, part of which only he was to eat, had made him sick, that he believed it had poisoned him. Then his friends must make a fuss; the bread must be analyzed; rumours raised of a conspiracy being afloat, not only affecting poor Tom's liberty, but his life; and all this must be duly represented in a separate communication to the Home Office. And the end, the Doctor confidently predicted, would be the speedy release of Thomas Titsy.

It was sometime before Mrs. Titsy could fully enter into all the subtlety of the Doctor's design. She was determined to consider it fully before she consented to it; so she promised to give Mr. Johnson an answer in the morning. And long after the Doctor was snugly ensconced between the home-spun sheets, in the best room which had a sort of pigeon-cote looking window peering out amongst the thatch, Mrs. Titsy was sitting gazing into the kitchen fire, calculating the chances of the success of the Doctor's scheme, and considering whether she ought to sanction and assist in carrying out the artful stratagem proposed. To be sure, she argued, the little plot with regard to Jacob had been successful; but that was a matter of life and death; and though for a time she certainly played what might be called a deceitful part, she had explained all when the proper time came, and she believed she had saved Jacob's life. But in this new case of conspiracy there was something dangerous, and a great deal that seemed, to Mrs. Titsy, very daring: and, poor soul, she smoothed her apron and looked into the fire and saw Tom in chains amongst the cinders, and still could not bring her mind to take part in the Doctor's design to free him.

Cæsar put his head upon her knee and looked up into her face with quite the air of one who sympathized with her, and had a desire to aid her. If Cæsar had had sufficient imagination to picture Tom in chains, as his mother saw him in the fire, Cæsar would have scattered the

smouldering coals in an attempt to free his master ; but Cæsar only knew that Tom was absent, and his instinct told him that Tom's mother was unhappy ; therefore, after visiting all Tom's haunts, Cæsar went about the house very quietly, and watched and guarded Mrs. Titsy with a solicitude that was quite touching.

"Poor fellow, what would'st thou do?" said Mrs. Titsy, patting the dog.

If Cæsar could have spoken he would, no doubt, have said something exceedingly kind and sagacious ; but as he could not, he only licked Mrs. Titsy's hand and laid his head still more heavily and affectionately upon Mrs. Titsy's knee.

And thus these two sat in the firelight, until, from the parish church, the midnight hour was tolled forth with a ghoul-like moan that quite startled Mrs. Titsy, and set her thinking of ghosts, in general, and the ghosts, in particular, of Banquo and Hamlet's father that were drawn in an old edition of Shakespeare, which, with some dozen other miscellaneous books, made up Mr. Johnson's library. Before the last sound of the bell had wandered past the house and over the thatch Mrs. Titsy could distinctly hear a death-tick under the corner cupboard, and then she felt as if somebody was treading upon her grave ; so she made up her mind that "something was going to happen," and went to bed miserable and full of presentiments accordingly.

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## CHAPTER XI.

RELATES HOW IT WAS DECIDED THAT JACOB SHOULD LEAVE HOME AND HOW HE LEFT IT ; AND DESCRIBES JACOB'S FIRST JOURNEY, TOGETHER WITH WHAT HE SAW AND WHOM HE MET.

ONCE fairly released from the sick room, Jacob improved so rapidly that Tom Titsy was lost in amazement and "felt right sure as Jacob would ruin Master Morriston in tailor's bills, as he wor growin' out of his clothes as fast as Magar the butcher wor growing out of himself into somebody else." And sure enough Jacob improved wonderfully, and he not only grew out of his clothes, but he grew beyond the rule of Mrs. Gompson, who, with all her cleverness, could not "keep him in order ;" or so she informed Mr. Morriston, who began to regard his son's improvement with pride, and was not inclined to be angry when Jacob occasionally fought against the tyranny of his aunt ; indeed Mr. Morriston would have liked his son all the better if he had shown more spirit, forgetting how much Jacob had taken to heart his mother's death, and how he had been kept down and cowed under the new domestic rule by which his actions had been regulated prior to the illness that had been the means of softening the Gompson government and raising Jacob's position in the household.

One day when Jacob had shown signs of contesting Mrs. Gompson's rule, to an extent that his aunt had little expected, that good lady suggested to Mr. Morriston the desirability of Jacob being sent to a boarding-school. Day schools, she argued, were, as a rule, a decided mistake; boys made companions all over the town and were spoiled in temper and disposition by mixing so much with their inferiors, as well as their betters; whilst in living with a master, there was a guarantee that their morals were looked after, and they were only permitted to associate with their equals. Whether these reasons carried any weight with Mr. Morriston, or not, I am not prepared to say; but I think he took a much broader view of Jacob's educational requirements, though he agreed with his sister that Jacob ought to be placed under a good master at some distance from Middleton.

Singularly enough, when Mr. Morriston opened his letters, on an eventful morning, some few weeks after this conversation about Jacob's education, Mr. Morriston found that his earliest communication for the first number of the forthcoming "Middleton Star" was an advertisement in which the master of the public school at Cartown intimated to parents and guardians that he had a vacancy for three or four young gentlemen, as in-door pupils, on moderate terms—the house being pleasantly situated, and references kindly permitted to the vicar of the parish; which bait caught its first fish before it had been fairly dropped into the advertising sea of a newspaper; for, after communicating with the vicar of the parish of Cartown, Mr. Morriston determined that his son should be one of the three or four young gentlemen for whom Mr. Gregory Spawling had a vacancy.

Accordingly, in due time, the mail cart was ordered to call for Jacob, and the night before the morning fixed for starting, the ostler from the inn called to say that the Cartown mail would leave Middleton as early as seven o'clock.

Jacob did not dislike the idea of leaving home, especially as everybody was so kind to him on the occasion; his father giving him more pocket money than he had ever had; Susan packing no end of curious things amongst his clothes; Tom sending him, wrapped up in brown paper, a brand new pocket knife; Mrs. Gompson presenting him with a comb and brush; Dr. Johnson sending him a cricket bat; and Mrs. Titsy adding to his treasures a book of fairy tales, which she had been advised by the Doctor to purchase, instead of a very severe work on "The Death-beds of Good and Bad Boys," which she had originally selected as "a keepsake for Sunday reading."

All this was very gratifying to Jacob, and excited him into a flutter of good spirits that gave him little sleep at night, and made him wake very early the next morning. Indeed he was up almost as soon as the birds; but he felt calmer and more serious when he went into the garden to bid everything there good-bye. The sun had only just risen; the factory had not begun to make its accustomed roar and rattle, though the engine could

be heard hissing in a subdued tone, whilst a thin column of smoke went lazily up from the tall chimney. Jacob could not help wishing that he could hear the sweet voice that had soothed and charmed him on many a sunny day when he was out amongst the apple trees; and then he thought how much he should like to see her to whom the voice belonged, and wondered why he had never thought of this until he was going away.

Whilst a tide of ideas was flowing in this direction, Jacob happened, quite casually, to look up towards the windows whence the sweet sounds had so often come, and there, lo and behold! he saw, for the first time in his life, a face looking out of one of the factory windows, just filling up the opening which had been made out of a couple of panes—and, oh, what a sweet face it was! round and rosy, fair and blue-eyed, and surrounded by flaxen curls finer than the wealth of yellow silk, from China and Japan, that went into the factory, in bundles of gossamer-like threads, and came out in great breadths of yarn that went all over the world to adorn all sorts of people. Jacob thought, at first, that the face must belong to an angel, or to a fairy who was going to give him three wishes. He had almost decided to ask as his first wish, that his mother should be brought to life again, and for the second that the fairy should come and live with them, when the face disappeared; and the voice he had heard so often, carolled forth one of the old songs, so sweetly, that a thrush, which had been singing in the tallest apple tree, stopped to listen as eagerly as Jacob—at least Jacob thought so; but allowance must be made for Jacob being a romantic youth just about to set out into the world.

“There is a happy land far, far away,”

was the burden of the song, and had the singer only known what a happy land she might have made of Middleton, and every other place, to Jacob Morriston, that morning, by putting her face through the little window once more, and saying “good-bye, Jacob,” I believe she would have done so; because her face was a sure index to her kindness of heart. But how was she to know that the little fellow she had seen in the garden had been listening to her singing, and wanted to be friendly with her before he went beyond the reach of her voice? For the matter of that, it was a good thing she did not know she had had an auditor; because she was very modest, and although she sang in the factory like other girls, with little less restraint than there was upon the flying shafts and whirling wheels, she would have felt quite confused and awkward and unable to sing if asked to do so in a room, or anywhere else, for the special entertainment of any stranger.

“Now, Jacob, are you ready, my lad?” said Susan.

Jacob said he was, but he had a vague sort of misgiving that he was not, and Susan could read reluctance in his face.

“You don’t wish to go, Jacob. Poor little fellow, never mind. We are like to do many things that does not please us in this world. But

the same Power that taught yon swallow to come thousands of miles to build its nest under that window sill is guiding us," said Susan.

"Why, how fine you have got to talk lately, and how serious. I declare you are getting quite like Mr. Jennings with your sermons," Jacob replied as Susan led him towards the garden gate.

"I hope not my love," said Susan. "Do you know, Jacob," she continued, "there is something I do not like about that Jennings. He is not what he pretends to be. Never say I said so, Jacob; but do not forget it, and remember it—*remember* it, Jacob."

"Why Susan you look pale and ill, and you are crying, Susan. What is the matter? Don't fret about me. I shall soon come back," said Jacob, squeezing her hand.

"But I shall be gone then, love, and years, many years may go over before we meet again," Susan replied.

"All the better, Susan. I will be a man when you come back and then you know I can come and see you at your house and you can come to see me at mine. Don't be down-hearted, Susan. Let us bid good-bye here, and promise never to forget each other," said Jacob taking both her hands; after which there was a good deal of kissing, which was interrupted by aunt Keziah.

"Come, come, Susan, let the boy have his breakfast; you are really like a baby with him. Jacob, I say, be quick;" and Mrs. Gompson took Jacob sharply by the hand, which Jacob resented by immediately releasing himself and looking at his aunt most defiantly.

"Well, well, sir; we will have no noise now: it is time there was a parting here," said Mrs. Gompson, walking on alone, "the ingratitude of some people begins in the cradle."

"There are differences of opinion, Mrs. Gompson, as to what folk ought to be grateful for," said Susan.

"And the impudence of some people is not lessened by the fine airs they put on," continued Mrs. Gompson, and thus this trio entered Mr. Morriston's house; soon after which Jacob Morriston had said good-bye to the whole household.

The conveyance in which Jacob made his first journey into the outer world of Middleton was one that has now all but disappeared from the highways and byeways of old England. It was a comfortable well-to-do sort of cart, capable of carrying four passengers, besides the driver and sundry items of luggage, and was dignified by the title of "The Royal Mail," to which it was entitled by reason of its being the postal conveyance for Middleton and Cartown. At first sight it might have been mistaken for an ordinary "spring trap" of the old school, but on a closer inspection there was something about the vehicle which left an impression that it was somewhat above the common run of carts. Though the startling words "In Her Majesty's Service" were only painted on one panel they seemed to radiate about the axles and felloes and give a variety of tokens



of the eminent service to which the conveyance was attached. The driver of the mail was a bluff hearty countryman who had been a rural postman before the railway was introduced into Middleton. Driver and cart have now been superseded; the former by a sharp, short-haired, "horsey" looking fellow, and the cart by a red, sugar-loaf shaped, high-wheeled chariot, constructed to carry the driver and the letter bags; and for aught I know the old Middleton mail has descended to the level of a common market cart, or become the forgotten occupant of a lumber shed, or gone to that limbo, wherever it may be, to which all the old coaches have been despatched. What becomes of all these relics of the past? They seem to me to be as seldom met with as the traditional donkey. I have seen that defunct quadruped; I have seen many old coachmen; I have seen an old steam engine—the famous Rocket—but I have never seen one of the many old coaches which the railway banished from our highways.

When Jacob Morrision was a boy the railway was in its infancy, as they say steam is still, and there were several coaches passing daily through Middleton, collecting crowds, at the chief inn, to see the foaming steeds changed, and to hear the guards crack their jokes, and to see the drivers crack their whips. Will Tunster, the mail man, delighted to race the coaches, and on the morning when Jacob left Middleton he soon distanced the coach; for he had an unusually light load of letters and parcels, and Jacob Morrision was his only passenger.

On their route they delivered letter bags at Crossley, a mining village which sent up to London thousands of tons of coals, and Jacob never having been far beyond the precincts of Middleton, took careful note of all he saw and especially of Crossley, which was one of the sights in the panorama that seemed to be passing before him. Going through the little town they passed long rows of newly built cottages, with water-tubs in front and pig-styes behind; red burly dissenting chapels; beer-houses and inns; little shops, the windows filled with tempting displays of sugar and flies, tape, nutmegs, clogs, currants, mouse-traps, gingerbread, mops, buckets, Spanish juice, shot bags (the latter adorned with an illustration in which the chief figure was a man with a gun, at the discharge of which innumerable birds were supposed to have fallen amongst the trees to which the firing was in each instance directed), and many other miscellaneous articles. At intervals, high chimneys towered above the town, casting long shadows on the house-tops, and darkening the sky with rolling clouds of smoke. On one side of the village the blackened fields looked like gigantic cordage manufactories, the coal-pits being surmounted with long three-legged erections, supporting a net-work of ropes which, propelled by steam, ran along iron rollers with an incessant rattle. Heaps, and heaps, and heaps of coal were piled along the road-side, rising now and then into mountains of fuel. Troops of black-visaged miners, who had been working through the night, wended their way to their respective homes in the houses with the pig-styes and water-tubs, in front of



which noisy children quarrelled over marbles, to the annoyance of many boisterous mothers, who fought the battles of their respective offsprings in language more noticeable for its energy than for its refinement.

"I must waken them up yonder," said Will, as they left Crossley and approached a turning in the road; whereupon he began a much more ambitious performance, on an old keyed bugle he carried at his back, than he had yet essayed, blowing out, most vigorously, the complete melody of "Rory O'Moore," with snatches of which he announced his approach at the various villages or inns for which he had parcels. Gradually, "Rory O'Moore" became "Tom Moody," over which the performer grew very red in the face.

Then Crossley disappeared and the change in the scenery, as Will Tunster's horse turned up a by-lane to the right, was as great, when compared with Crossley, as the difference between Bagdad and the enchanted regions which surrounded that famous city of romance. In place of the black busy scenes just left, there were now tall hedgerows and trees and rich pastures. On one side of the road was a rude stone footpath, by the side of which rippled a stream of clear water, irrigating a numberless variety of cresses; and on the other side a long verdant streak of grass stretched into the distance where a small house lay half concealed by a wood.

"Oh, how pretty," said Jacob involuntarily, as this bit of rural fairy-land opened up to his gaze.

"Ah, it's a nice tune enough, I've blown it for years," said Will Tunster, taking Jacob's remark as a compliment to the echo passages of "Tom Moody." "We've gotten to stop here to take up Miss Dorothy Cantrill, your schoolmaster's housekeeper, and somebody else's housekeeper that is to be when the time comes," continued Will as he pulled up opposite the house amongst the trees.

The door was opened as the mail stopped. An elderly woman handed out a bonnet box, and a man brought forth a portmanteau covered with a very rich drawing-room paper. Then came a shawl, an umbrella, another little box, and a bunch of flowers; and then the passenger herself, a comely looking woman of about thirty, with whom Will Tunster shook hands and whom Will Tunster assisted into the cart, with very great care.

"Here's the young gentleman who is to have the honour of living with you, Dorothy," said Will Tunster directing attention to Jacob.

"How do you do, sir," said Dorothy; "I hope you have enjoyed your ride and that Mr. Tunster has been kind to you and that you will like Cartown;" and then Jacob put out his hand and showed such other signs of friendliness that the three were soon a comfortable and happy party, watched by the elderly couple, Dorothy's father and mother, until both were out of sight and more coal pits became visible.

"We are nearly at home now, Master Morriston; and it isn't among the coal pits; so you need not grow alarmed about the change; I see you don't like those black heaps."

"He's not afraid at coal pits I knowa," said Will Tunster, giving his horse a cut by way of emphasis, and speaking with a broad Derbyshire accent, which, were I to report it literally, would puzzle many of my readers. "Thou'rt not afraid on 'um, Master Morrision?"

"Not I indeed, sir, said Jacob, fully impressed with the dignity of the driver, and half-inclined, because of his civility, to beg the favour of another tune on the bugle.

"That's reight, thou moant be afraid on 'um, olethough they're not th' noicest things in th' world. Nah that one younder, for instance, burnt up a hundred chaps only a month agoa. They cole it foire damp as does it. Well, it may be foire damp or damp foire, but they can't damp t' foire out, when it's once agoin, and it's moy opinion there's summot more in it than some folks think. I've never been doon one on 'um, not I, becoss I oleways had a sort of objecshun to 'um, and since I've been to th' institushun, as has started here, and read abaht volcanics and that sort o' thing, it's moy opinion as they sink them pits too deep, and get into th' laver o' foire as is in th' middle at earth, and that's wot they call foire damp. That's abaht the long and short on't," said Will, evidently satisfied that he had said something very clever.

"Dear me, Mr. Tunster, how you do talk; like a book, I declare," said Dorothy.

"You'd rather I'd talk like a letter: Miss Dorothy Cantrill, care of Mr. Gregory Spawling, Cartown, Derbyshire, England, and if not there, at Mr. Cantrill's, near Crossley, post paid," said Will, holding his whip and ribbons in one hand and gazing intently into the other, as though reading the superscription of a letter. On pronouncing the last word, he cast a sly intelligible glance at Dorothy, who, instead of making any reply, put the corner of her apron to each eye in succession, and complained of the dusty road. This little subterfuge, however, was without avail, for, by and bye, Jacob saw tears rolling down her cheeks.

And then Will coughed violently and thrashed his horse, but finding that this did not repair the mischief he had done, he turned sharply round upon Dorothy, and, with admirable frankness, begged her pardon in the enthusiastic fashion—a thousand times over—assuring her that he did not mean to hurt her feelings.

Why Miss Cantrill should have cried at all Jacob could not imagine, but he was quite convinced that Mr. Tunster had been guilty of some gross act of unkindness, and until he had begged Dorothy's pardon a thousand times, Will, despite his musical powers, had very much deteriorated in Jacob's good opinion.

The little storm blown over, Will commenced to blow his horn with unwonted vigour (but whether the tune was "Rory O'Moore," "Tom Moody," or both, or neither, I believe neither Will nor any other accomplished musician could have decided), and the little party entered Cartown.

Crossing an old stone bridge, by which the town was entered, Jacob

learnt that the broad open shallow sparkling river that flowed below was the self-same stream as that which wandered past Middleton.

"And yonder's the church," said Dorothy, pointing to an old square-towered building; "and that's the 'Blue Posts,'" pointing to an inn, with two posts painted blue, a water trough, a bucket, and two men in front waiting, whilst a horse refreshed itself at the trough aforesaid; "and this is the market-place," she continued, as they entered a sort of irregular square of irregular houses and shops, with a few people loitering about on an irregular pavement, and several persons looking from their windows and several tradesmen gazing from the doors at a carriage and pair, which had halted before the chemist's shop.

"And here's the post-office," said Will, as he pulled up opposite a private house with a window half blackened and a slit in one of the panes for letters, a green curtain above, and an "Important Notice" with a coat of arms fitted into one of the square panes. A black pane beneath this opened, and Will, thrusting in a leather bag covered about the neck with worn out wax seals, said it was "nice weather," and on the mail started again, the driver occasionally dropping a parcel into the hands of people who were standing at their shop doors, in anticipation of packages inscribed with their names and addresses.

Miss Cantrill, who was quite at home with Jacob already, and was almost as kind to him as Susan herself, said: Dear me, the streets seemed quite natural again since she had seen them, which was a fortnight come Monday—such a holiday as she had not had for some time. She told Jacob a great deal about the town, and said she was sure he would like Mr. Spawling. Will Tunster expressed a similar opinion, and guessed that Jacob would like Mr. Spawling's housekeeper too. Jacob frankly admitted that he liked her already, an admission which pleased Dorothy amazingly, and an admission which I fear Susan might hardly have liked so well, much as she desired Jacob's happiness; for there is a tinge of jealousy in every phase of woman's love.

"That's the school," at length said Dorothy, pointing to a plain stone building standing between a grocer's shop, on one hand, and a large square playground on the other. It was an exceedingly plain looking establishment, even to the sign which described the place, in simple Roman capitals, as "The Cartown Public Schools." Will Tunster said the schools were only some five years old and he understood were doing a deal of good; upon which he entered into some very crude speculations as to what position he might have held in society if there had been such "shops" for learning when he was a boy, until once more he gave the reins a check and the conveyance stopped at Mr. Spawling's—a two-storey house standing alone in a by-lane some few hundred yards from the school, with a blood-red rose climbing over a green lattice-work porch, and—the front door being open—a refreshing peep, right across some plain oil-cloth and well cleaned stones, into a back garden full of a very miscellaneous collection of vegetables and flowers.

Mr. Spawling came to the door to meet his visitors. He was evidently a man beyond the meridian of life ; though time had dealt kindly with him, only leaving a few gray marks of his passing on Mr. Spawling's head and amongst Mr. Spawling's whiskers. It is true there was a slight falling in at the mouth, but this only heightened the benignant expression which animated his regular features. There was an elasticity in his gait, a quiet grace of manner, a bright healthy twinkle of the eye, and a music in his voice that impressed Jacob exceedingly, and relieved his mind of a great weight of fear and doubting, which had occasionally influenced his thoughts and speculations about his new home.

"Now, my boy, how are you?" said Mr. Spawling, when Jacob had alighted, shaking him warmly by the hand ; "and how have you enjoyed yourself, Dorothy? and how does the world go with you, Mr. Tunster?" listening and smiling at the answer which each question elicited.

Whilst these little courtesies were being observed, Will handed out the luggage, which rapidly disappeared, including Jacob's box and his other packages of school-boy wealth. Dorothy soon bustled off her bonnet and shawl, and by Mr. Spawling's directions drew a glass of beer for Will ; and in a most astonishingly short space of time Jacob found himself in a pleasant little parlour, looking out into the garden, taking tea with Dorothy on one side and Mr. Spawling on the other.

That evening rapidly changed into night, though the twilight lingered lovingly about the open window and the wind wandered in, laden with the scent of mignonette and sweet briar. The lamp was, however, trimmed at last, and—with the sounds of Mr. Spawling's voice (reading a chapter of the Old Testament before Jacob's retiring) lingering in his ear, and the rattle of the cart, and the good-bye of Susan, and the remembrance of bright spots in the panorama of the day's journey, all mingling together in a strange jumble—Jacob soon found himself between the cleanest and coolest of white sheets, surrounded by the whitest of white dimity, in the smallest and prettiest of pretty little rooms, trying to go to sleep and feeling himself able to do nothing but dream and think, until at length memory gradually faded away and even the angel face that had looked out of the factory window was forgotten.

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*(To be continued.)*

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## EPITAPHS.

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IN "Chambers's Journal," for June 1863, there is an epitaph taken from a country churchyard, in which there is this couplet, "If death were merchandise that men could buy, the rich would live, and only poor would die;" in which it is rightly conjectured there is an error, and that for *death* we should read *life*. In the churchyard of Cookham near Maidenhead is to be found the epitaph free from this error.

In that same churchyard there is an epitaph upon a public-house-keeper written by one of the same occupation, who evidently supposed that publicans (taxgatherers), mentioned in Scripture, to be his own fellow-tradesman.

"When God thinks fit to stop a landlord's breath,  
 Ill-nature says he drank himself to death.  
 Such epitaphs severe, deserve rebuke;  
 Judge not lest you be judged, says good St. Luke.  
 May such like pharisees be all forgiven,  
 And with this publican received in heaven."

In the same churchyard there is an epitaph, probably by the same poet, on a notorious profligate, who died in the prime of life, a victim to intemperance; it was no easy task to write a suitable epitaph on such a man, and it was perhaps as well accomplished as the case would admit.

"Pray, reader, pause, be on your guard,  
 Be not severe nor judge too hard;  
 The time will come when you must die,  
 You have your faults and so had I;  
 If you are from transgression free,  
 Then take a stone and cast at me."

In the churchyard of Brading, in the Isle of Wight, there is an epitaph, not known by whom, which has been set to music.

"Forgive, blest shade, the tributary tear  
 Which mourns thy exit from a world like this;  
 Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here,  
 And stop thy progress to the realms of bliss.  
 No more confined to grovelling scenes of night—  
 No more a tenant pent in mortal clay,  
 Now would we rather hail thy glorious flight,  
 And trace thy progress to the realms of day."

## CRIMES AND PUNISHMENTS.

BY HERBERT GRAHAM.

## I.

It is the aim of criminal jurisprudence to protect the lives and property of the individual members of the community or state in which it prevails, from the assaults of those outcasts of society who have been appropriately designated the Bedouins of civilisation. This object is effected by attaching to the perpetration of any crime, a certain punishment to be inflicted on the criminal, with the view of deterring others from committing similar crimes. It is also the object of criminal jurisprudence, to endeavour, at the same time that punishment is awarded and applied, to attempt the reformation and reclamation of the criminal, if that be consistent with the security of the public. There are various grades of crime, and consequently there are various grades of punishment; the extent of the punishment being controlled by the magnitude of the crime committed.

What are the essential characteristics of crimes? What circumstances are necessary in order to bring an offence or injury to the state, or any of its individual members, under the criminal code? On this point—as on many other questions on criminal jurisprudence—there is considerable delusion in the popular mind. I have seen the distinction between sin and crime stated thus: “Disobedience to the laws of God is sin: disobedience to the laws of man is crime.” The definition here given of sin is without doubt correct, but not so is the definition of crime. True, a crime is an infringement of the laws of man; but it does not necessarily follow that disobedience to these laws is of itself crime. Before any act can be designated criminal, there must be an infringement of law; but there are many laws to neglect or disobey which is not criminal. Thus, for example, the law prescribes that every man shall pay unto another what he owes; but if from circumstances for which I cannot be accounted responsible—from the failure of my debtors say—I am unable to pay the debts which I owe, my failure to pay is not a crime, although it is contrary to law. Or, to take another example: the law\* prescribes that in applying for, and carrying a bill through Parliament, certain forms must be observed—as, for instance, notice must be given in certain newspapers, on certain days, and for a certain time. Failure to observe these forms is contrary to law, and may be productive of serious loss to the persons interested, but such failure is not a crime.

\* The Standing Orders of the House of Lords, and the House of Commons, are the laws which regulate Parliamentary procedure.



What then is a crime? It may be defined to be the doing of any act prohibited, or the failure to do any act enjoined, by law for the safety and protection of the lives and property of the members of the state or community, or the maintenance of the state itself; and to the doing, or failure to do which, a punishment is appended.\* Of the first or prohibited and punishable acts, theft, assault, and murder, are examples. Of the second, or acts enjoined and failure to do which is punishable, culpable homicide or manslaughter,† caused by want of caution on the part of the person charged with the offence, will suffice as an illustration.

But it is essential to the guilt of any crime that there has been dole or evil intent, except in some cases of culpable homicide occurring in the performance of a lawful act, but in which great carelessness and indiscretion have been displayed, or a want of due caution and circumspection in the execution of such lawful act. In these cases the heedlessness, or indiscretion, or want of caution comes in place of the intention to injure and is punishable accordingly. Except in such cases of culpable homicide or manslaughter, or cases where a lesser degree of injury has been inflicted, the intention to injure is essential to the perpetration of the crime. If there has been no intention to injure—if the injury is the result purely of accident, or caused by circumstances which the person through whom it was inflicted could not possibly prevent,—there is no crime. But an attempt to commit a crime of a serious nature which is clearly shown by acts, is of itself a crime: thus assault, with intent to rob; housebreaking, with intent to steal; attempt at prison-breaking, etc.—all these are crimes. The assault without the intent to rob, or housebreaking without intent to steal, are of themselves crimes, and they are also crimes when they are the means by which another crime is intended to be perpetrated. Injury has been inflicted, not by accident, but intentionally. But a simple attempt to steal, without any act of moving the article, is not a crime. No injury has been inflicted: the article was not carried off. If, however, the article intended to be stolen had been

\* The perpetrator of a criminal act, besides being liable to punishment, may be compelled to make reparation to the person injured. But it is the *public*, and not the private reparation which is the characteristic of crime. Thus if A, while effecting some alterations on his own property, should accidentally injure the property of B, he may be compelled to make reparation to B, but he cannot be punished as a criminal. If, however, in effecting these alterations, A had displayed great carelessness, or a want of caution, the consequence of which was that B was killed, besides being liable to make reparation to the relatives of B, he would be guilty of culpable homicide, or manslaughter, and liable to be punished accordingly.

† Culpable homicide, or manslaughter, is chargeable in four different cases:—  
1. When death has taken place through want of caution on the part of the person charged with the offence; 2. When he has caused death while prosecuting an illegal act; 3. When he had intent to do some bodily harm from which it was not probable that death would follow, but from which death has resulted; and 4. When he was actuated by a mortal purpose arising from sudden resentment for serious injuries received by him, accompanied by such terror and perturbation of spirits as in a sense to deprive him of the use of his reason.



removed out of the place where it was placed by its owner, then the act of removal with the intention to steal, although the article was not actually carried off, would be criminal. This will be better understood by an illustration. If one man thrust his hand into the pocket of another, with the intention of stealing the handkerchief of that other, but, finding himself detected, drop the article before removing it from the pocket, there is no crime. If, however, he had removed the handkerchief from the pocket, and dropped it on *the street*, a crime would have been committed. Or, to take another illustration: suppose the window of a house is left open and a watch, or other article, is lying on a table beside the window. If a person put his hand through the open window, and lift the watch with the intention of stealing it, but, on being discovered, replace it where it was lying, he is guilty of no crime. But if the watch was out of reach, and by some means or other he had drawn it towards him and was then scared off; or if the window was closed, and had been opened by him with the intention of stealing the watch; in both of these cases he would have committed a criminal act.

These illustrations all show what is meant by dole or evil intent being essential to crime. They also show that there must be *injury* committed. The removal of an article with intention to steal is an injury, although the intention is discovered before the article is altogether carried off. The removal of the article was an act of appropriation; and it was only dropped, not replaced, on that intention being discovered. But does replacement of the article on discovery save the commission of the crime? it may be asked. If so, suppose an article has been removed with the intention to steal, but that a week afterwards it is returned to the very spot from whence it was taken, its loss having been discovered—would this act of replacement prevent a charge of theft from being brought against the person who removed the article? Certainly not; because in this case the owner was deprived of the possession of the article, whereas in the other cases mentioned he was not. In the one, the article was never carried off; in the other, it was.

Children under seven years of age, and insane persons, being incapable of dole or evil intent, cannot commit a crime, and so they are exempt from punishment for any acts of theirs which would otherwise be criminal. Mere weakness of mind, however, or eccentricity, so long as it does not amount to mental unsoundness, is not a sufficient ground upon which to claim exemption from punishment, although it may form the basis for an appeal to mercy, or to a lenient punishment. Where a person has been compelled through great personal danger, to perpetrate any act in itself criminal, such compulsion will form a good defence to the charge; but mere subjection to relatives, or to a master, is no defence. Nor will want of food be deemed a good defence to a charge of theft committed for the purpose of preventing starvation, although it will have the effect of extenuating the offence.

Crimes are either *mala in se* or *mala prohibita*. The former—*mala*

*in se*—are offences against nature and the moral law, as theft and assault. The latter—*mala prohibita*—are offences only against some statute, as an infringement of the game or revenue laws.\*

Almost all crimes come under one or other of the classes following, viz : offences against property, as theft, or housebreaking ; offences against the person, as assault or murder ; offences against the course of justice, as aiding and conniving at the escape of a prisoner ; offences against morality and religion, as atheism or blasphemy ; offences against the public peace, as rioting ; and offences against the state, as treason. There are some crimes, however, which cannot be included in either of these classes, such as sending threatening letters, piracy, and coining.

It is not my intention to examine the various acts which the law declares to be criminal. It would be altogether out of place to indulge in such a disquisition here. The object of this paper is simply to convey a general idea of what is required to render any act criminal, and this, I venture to think, will be sufficiently clear from the observations already made.

My next paper will be devoted to the *Punishments* inflicted on criminals, for the offences committed by them.

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\* Poaching and smuggling (instances of offences against the game and revenue laws) are not crimes at common law. They only become crimes through statutory prohibition.

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## CHEERFULNESS.

BY LEILA.

" Oh, that dew, like balm, shall steal  
 Into wounds that cannot heal,  
 Even as sleep our eyes doth seal ;

And that smile, like sunshine dart  
 Into many a sunless heart,  
 For a smile of God thou art."

LONGFELLOW.

IN this world, so large, so wide, so populous, are many virtues and, alas, many faults. Each of us have our own individual good and bad qualities—some so hidden in their individuality, that ourselves alone are aware of them ; and we have likewise qualities which are open and seen by our friends.

The highest and purest virtue is Charity—not merely giving of alms, for thousands are daily doing this, but it is the leniency towards others—heart-charity, not purse-charity ; that, which not only administers to the wants of the body, but also the mind, by kinds words, loving consideration, never hurting the feelings of others. With charity, twin virtue, stands truth, that ennobling, high-born attribute, without which all is bad, morals, thoughts, and deeds. Truth is the talisman, which if we keep ever with us, will help us in temptation and guide us onward with an unerring hand. Yet, not among the least of the numerous virtues stands cheerfulness. Bright and sunny one—irradiated with a light peculiarly its own ; casting over all things a silver shimmer ; lightening the darkest clouds, dispelling the most sable shades.

A cheerful person is an enduring sunbeam ; not like the sunbeams of heaven, evanescent and wavering, but a steady, unflickering, shining one : their presence reflects a golden ray, whether it be in the voluptuous home of wealth amid gilded costliness, in the humble cottage, or the dark unsunlit alley, the same influence they have. There are some people we meet with, whose very face mirrors forth the kindliness of their cheerful mind—they bear the mark of their cheerfulness stamped in its own joyous lineaments upon their countenance. What a happy life, is theirs. Their gleesome disposition helps them onward, and enables them to tread down the briars which ever and anon spring up in the life-road of all of us ; to overstep mountainous difficulties ; and far, far above all, they are useful to their fellow-creatures. By the side of the bed of suffering they are like the blithe summer's morn, whose genial warmth gives fresh vigour to the

sick ; the lonely and the sorrowing heart, they buoy up with dreams of future bliss and joy, when loneliness and woe shall have passed away.

Cheerfulness is not an earthly, but a heavenly beatitude, one which brings forth all the better feelings of the human heart, and has such a marvellous power, a fascinating influence, which enthalls all ; it carries an invisible pair of wings, which enshrouds one in their own peculiar gladness.

In this life we must expect to meet with many crosses, and many trials ; although there are some, who, not having drank from sorrow's bitter cup, will doubt this truth, and fancy that sunshine will ever lighten upon them, never to be o'ershadowed with a single cloud ; but with the lengthening years, experience will teach them, with its cold and cruel voice, that there is no one in this world who will ever be exempt from trouble—sooner or later it comes. There are some of us who already have tasted and drank of that bitter draught, some of us who have felt that heart-sickening which comes with a great disappointment. When for us the outward sunlight bears a murky shadow, and the fairest spots of earth are but wastes and dreary wildernesses. All things appear unreal ; we feel like lonely shadows, in a cold, unsympathetic world. We long for the quietude of night, to be alone, away from the turbulent busy world ; then the pent-up feelings gush forth, and the tempest breaks, shaking the innermost cells of our heart. We kept our grief, silently, from the world ; but in the stillness of our chamber, in the calm of the holy night, our feelings burst forth uncontrolled. The night wanes, and with the new day, we again go forth into the world. Across our path, the cheerful person comes, comes with their kindly smile, and blithesome voice ; they utter some cheery words, into our hearts divulge some of their own innate sunshine, and we pursue our way onward, with our cross less heavy and our burden lighter. Shall we not pause, and bestow a blessing upon them ! Verily they are ministering angels ; human stars, whose rays ever lighten the dark places of earth ; scattered jewels ; living gems ; the happy ones of earth, where they weave for themselves immortal crowns, holy, spotless diadems, which wait ready for them in the celestial world. Over their graves we shed tears of loving recollection ; uttering a prayer, that we may follow in their footsteps. They indeed fulfilled the great command which our Saviour gave unto us : for their life was one ceaseless act of doing good to others. And while many sleep their last calm sleep, many are now living, walking in their footsteps ; for constantly we meet them. God's approving smile o'ershadows them, each word and deed of theirs is noted down by Him ; for these are the starry gems that shall glitter in their heavenly crowns.

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## WOMAN IN DAILY LIFE: OR SHADOWS ON EVERY HILL-SIDE.

BY MRS. HARRIET M. CAREY.

(Continued from Page 320.)

### CHAPTER XIX.

#### CHANGES AND CHANCES.

“Hearts in that time closed o’er the trace,  
Of vows once fondly poured,  
And strangers took the kinsman’s seat,  
At many a joyous board.”

MRS. HEMANS

FIVE years have rolled rapidly away since Frank and Violet parted with Julia and Ned on the deck of the “Southern Light,” in the docks at Southampton. Many a change has passed on the principal personages of our drama. Frank and Violet have, by the unexpected return of their rector, lost their pretty country curacy, and they are now on a scantier stipend in a crowded London parish. The Trelawnys have been much abroad. Rosey has come out and is prettier even than was expected. The second son has gone to India, and it is now pretty generally known that he is engaged to Caroline Heimweh, and will return shortly to marry her. Adelaide Stanley is still Adelaide Stanley; patient endurance and a contented spirit have fast cleared the clouds off her fair brow, and she is once more the cheerful companion of her mother, and the active friend, the unwearied assistant of her married sister. The Stanley boys are growing into men—fine high-spirited noble-minded gentlemen; and deaf Mr. Stanley looks like their elder brother. The Thurlows are returned much improved by foreign travel. Livy is married to a Dutch Comte de Sanssure, who still, *malgré* the expulsion of his race, lives on at Brussels, though he steadfastly refuses to permit his wife to attend the Court of King Leopold, and insists on having his children taught Dutch. A fair-haired diminutive little girl, and a dark-eyed brown boy, are the offspring of this Anglo-Dutch alliance; and very proud is Mrs. Thurlow of her grand-children, especially of the boy. Gustave seems indeed almost to have succeeded the departed Eustace in her affections; she loves to watch his puny efforts to walk, to talk, to lisp a curious mixture of English, French, and Dutch; and the only genuine smiles that ever light her pale melancholy face are those called forth by some merry antic of Livy’s boy. Lord and Lady Bolton, it being the season, are now in Belgrave Square; all that wealth can give is Lydia’s, but none of the

blessings of Nature. She chose Lucre, and turned aside from the universal mother ; what marvel then if the slighted parent of earth disdained to enrich her. Statuary, ormula, costly pictures, wondrous cabinets, rich carpets, delicate porcelain, and soft cushions are Lydia's in abundance ; but no sweet babe coos on her bosom, or smiles at her in stately grace from its nurse's arms. The fairest of Melpomene's votaries grace her saloon, and the most exquisite music swells through her concert room ; but childhood's playful foot and childhood's merry laugh are there a sound unheard. Lydia knows the comfort of a luxurious carriage, the pleasure of the gaze of an admiring multitude, as gracefully indolent she throws herself back in a recumbent posture at Hyde Park corner, and lets the world sweep bye her unmoved—reclining her white parasol covered with its costly lace in her hand, proudly indifferent to the many adorers that present themselves ; but Lydia knows not the charm of a husband's welcome, as his wife with a light step springs into his study, the full cordial affection of an interchange of look for look :—it is to the side of an old man sunk in doating fondness that she returns. An old man who cries for the penny change he gave his valet ; who sobs if you ask him to go to bed ; who laughs at a child's toy, and is pleased with the rapid motion of the pony carriage. Lydia, a slave as ever to the opinion of the world, which will not allow her to neglect him, finds Lord Bolton in his more than semi-childish condition a great nuisance. His demands upon her time are incessant ; his is all the tie of a baby without its bewitching interest ; and often and often has Lydia allowed herself in the bottom of her heart to breathe the wish that Lord Bolton was gathered to his fathers, especially since she was made aware of the contents of the parchment roll that lay in his library closet, properly drawn up and witnessed.

Lydia's position and Violet's, as denizens of the same city, were indeed widely different ; and it was not the difference between a dingy artisan in his squalid poverty, happy in his filthy rags, for he knows no other condition, and the man of wealth and refinement. Violet was, by birth and education, peculiarly susceptible to outward influences ; perhaps more so than Lydia. Nature herself had cast her in the mould of a "fine lady," the world of fashion was her native place ; she was at home in luxury, liked all that was bright and beautiful, would have rejoiced in sharing good things with those who had none, hated parsimony ; and the groveling, petty, grinding cares of this life that are to some women as their daily bread, were to her sensitive spirit a system of torture. A life of constant suspicion was misery to her ; she had none of the joy that some find in pouncing upon a perfidious cook or discovering an untidy kitchen ; she disliked the feeling of begrudging any one anything, the sort of meanness of suspecting waste where waste might not exist ; she *physically* disliked such places as larders, back kitchens, sinks, and wash-houses. A pretty thing gave pleasure to her senses ; to give was a delight ; to withhold a grief. Accounts were a torture to her, and yet these, the very oppositions of her nature, were the troubles of daily life that surrounded



her! Did any path of pleasure especially allure her? economy threw across it her toll-bar, and insisted on a previous payment of the rate before she passed; yet she had a fund of happiness within her, a glad bright spirit that smiled away care and bore trouble bravely. Peculiarly unsuited to her very nature as her position and annoyances were, she yet counted so many blessings in her store and clung so fondly to them, that they seemed to charm all clouds away. To suffer for those she loved, even in the commonest and most grovelling cares, seemed to Violet a high and holy destiny!

Frank had no "hope;" at the slightest *contretemps* he would succumb and wonder if it were right for him to strive against what seemed his fate; he would labour steadily, diligently, and patiently on in his holy calling, but had no heart to face boldly the approach of the giant, Trouble, and force it to surrender. He indeed would be great, was not without ambition, but *without the daring that commands it* (if I may dare to travesty Shakespeare!) An overcharge, a cheating tradesman, a disappointment in some anxious hope, would plunge Frank into the very depths of despair; folding his hands one within another he would groan forth: "I don't know how it is, I am utterly crushed, I sometimes think Providence means me to be brought quite low; I wonder when I visit in the parish if I shall ever be brought as low as one of the poor paupers—I wonder if there are any clergymen in the workhouse, Violet?"

And then it was Violet who had to hold up the arms that hung down, to strengthen the feeble knees, to brace the nerves of this sinking warrior, to lace tighter yet the panoply of faith, to pick up the shield of hope which lay cast upon the ground, and point to every sacred promise, to every consoling tale of Holy Writ, to urge him afresh to the fight. These Violet knew, and in the depths of her soul she blessed that Divine Providence that hath placed so many a diverse leaf on that immortal tree, the leaves whereof are for the healing of the nations. As she reached her hand towards it, and plucked thence first that true parable of life the Israelitish nation, in their weary wanderings over the hot and burning sands of the desert—here in want of food—there parched with thirst; but only allowed to feel each want in order that the blessings for its removal might break in richer bursts of praise from yet more grateful lips. "Frank, dear," she would say, "don't get sent up Pisgah; we've nearly got through the wilderness, I am sure we have;" or she would point to poor Joseph preparing in his dungeon to be a monarch's counsellor. "Remember, Frank," she would say, "you work for no common Master, your Master always pays his servants; He may lay up their wages in the savings bank for a little while to teach them care and economy, but there'll be all the more when it comes out! And then think," she would add, "how many rich mercies have fallen to our lot. Hav'n't we each other? hav'n't we graceful, beautiful, winning, and talented children? is there any crook in our lot but that tiny little one of poverty?"

and then ain't we always helped out just when it gets too hard for us to bear? I like to watch for Elijah's birds, Frank; they seem sent to us just as they were to him. I often think how mercifully Heaven has dealt with me especially, in just sending me the very trial I could best endure. I couldn't have borne an unkind, cold, unloving husband, Frank, or one that I didn't love with my whole heart's strength, darling; and only fancy if, like poor dear little Gracey Reynolds, I had ever lost my baby, what a fearful grief *that* would have been. Come, cheer up, Frank, don't give way to despair; we'll battle bravely through our little troubles yet, you'll see!"

There was nothing Violet dreaded more than to see Frank in a low fit; she would rather go through untold trouble herself than run the risk of bringing one on. If she could see Frank happy and smiling, what matter was it if her own spirit was convulsed with secret care and anxiety; she had the enviable faculty of packing away cares in a secret corner of her heart, to be dealt with when she was alone, and covering them over with gay jests and bright smiles for Frank's presence. Her first and most sacred desire was to make him a "cheerful home;" she never could understand how some wives can fret their husband's tempers, by indulging in maudlin complaints of the butter bill, the oilman's account, and the servants' expenditure. Gaiety and intellect presided at their *tête-à-têtes*. Literature, reminiscences of the past, amusing incidents of the day—jestful now, and now pathetic—every art was tried by Violet to minister conversationally to her husband. Sometimes she had been out all day, harrassed by cares that he knew nothing of, and though tired and wearied in body and mind, he found her, perhaps, especially bright and cheerful. Yes! Violet dreaded more than aught on earth, Frank's low fits, and the really mental fatigue of arguing him out of them, and the least thing was enough to bring one on—a playful allusion to some of the work-a-day troubles of poverty—a tale of a cheating tradesman, even if it had a triumphant conclusion, would upset him directly, however cheerful he might be; and then he generally took quite the wrong view, from what Violet meant him to take. For instance, one day she came home quite in a victorious frame of mind.

"There! Frank, I feel like David after his combat with Goliath of Gath!—that green-grocer charged me just double what she ought, and I was determined to make her take half off, but how to get money to go and pay the bill I didn't know; so I happened just to cast my eyes upon those old broken gold belts and chains, and I took them to a goldsmith, and he gave me plenty of money for them, and I went and paid the green-grocer and lectured her well, and she was ashamed of herself and took all the overcharge off—wasn't that grand?"

Frank only moaned: "We are always getting into scrapes—I don't know how it is—we oughtn't to have such things."

"Not have potatoes, dear—why the poorest people have them! What do you mean?—they are cheaper than meat!"

"Oh! I don't know—nobody seems to look into anything—it makes me mad when I think of it!"

"But, dear Frank, it's a proof I *did* look into it, when I found out the overcharge and made the woman take it off."

"She oughtn't to have been allowed to make it."

"Now Frank, darling, how *can* I possibly help the vegetable woman trying to cheat? I don't draw up her accounts for her!"

"My dear child, it comes to this, we oughtn't to have vegetables."

"Why they're cheaper than meat, Frank; but I didn't tell you, dear, about this as a worry, only as a capital thing to be glad of."

Frank sighs—"How can I be glad of anything, when here I am without preferment and with five children, and all my college friends have got livings, or incumbencies, and I only a 'hack' on the roads. I can tell you it isn't a very pleasant position. There's Hopkins, a younger man than me, and of course he considers himself head and chief of everything."

"Well but, dear, so long as other people don't consider him so, what matter? Leave Hopkins to the agreeable delusion of his own importance. I only look upon him in the light of a stepping-stone, a means for your advancement; let him have his good things now if he likes, we shall have them by and bye. Every bow wow has his day; let bow wow Hopkins bark now, perhaps he'll growl by and bye! And even as it is, you wouldn't change the Conyers' family tree, for his gooseberry bush. For shame, Frank, to care what Hopkins says or does. Oh! for the good old feudal days when perhaps Hopkins' forbear was one of De Conyeres' serfs, and wore a steel ring on the ankle bearing his lord's name and title!"

"He's so conceited, that's what provokes me in the fellow," said Frank; "so full of the praises the ladies give him, and I don't think much of him."

"Oh! he's a bachelor," said Violet laughing, "and his is the reign of slippers and anxious inquirers! but, never mind, he'd better be civil, else we won't ask him to Lambeth, Frank!" and so she ended with a joke what began with a groan; and Frank cheered up and smiled—forgot his scanty income and his under-bred rector, and only remembered that he had married the woman whom of all others he would most willingly have singled out to be his wife.

Various had been the expenses and losses of Frank and Violet this year; yet still she bravely struggled on to keep their heads above water, and retain the position in which they were born for their children's sake. Owing to the sudden failure of a banker, Frank had just lost his little all, the very day or two before they intended to draw upon a portion of it to pay their quarterly bills. All they had to look to now, was Violet's small fortune, which, being in the funds, was only payable half-yearly; and Frank's emolument, the noble sum of seventy pounds a year, was not due for another two months. The butcher was frantic, the baker out-

rageous, and the shoemaker implacable. Violet went round calling and explaining and trying to pacify them with promises; and hoped she had succeeded, while she turned over in her own mind by what process she could satisfy these claimants without the departed money which had made to itself wings. She was at dinner with Frank—her feet swollen and painful from the amount of walking she had had, and her mind weary, very weary, from her exertion of encountering these tradespeople. She was bearing it all hidden away in her own mind, and trying to amuse Frank with every amusing thing she could think of, when there came a ring at the bell that made poor Violet's heart jump. (Violet had learnt to dread the door bell!) A harsh voice parleyed—and the maid came in, to say Mr. Grey from Hampstead wished to see Mr. Conyers.

"Show him up-stairs, Ellen," said her mistress. "I will come and speak to him; your master is tired." Violet rose, passed lightly bye Frank, who began to look dismal and groan, saying: "It's nothing, dear; I believe it's only a man I told to call, because I wanted to see him; I'll be down in a minute!"

But poor Violet stopped on the stairs, because her heart beat so painfully, that she was nearly stifled. "Nonsense, nonsense," she said to herself, "this isn't the way to get through trouble. Courage!" and up she ran briskly, opened the door, and stood in her native and lady-like dignity, before a mean, wretched looking man, with a sallow face and black bushy un-oiled hair.

"You wished to see Mr. Conyers?" said Violet.

"Yes, and I must see him too, that's more."

"No, you cannot; Mr. Conyers is tired and particularly occupied; no one can see him to-night," said Violet bravely, though her heart felt ready to burst.

"I must see him, and I will," said her unpleasant visitor, "or it'll be the worse for him."

"You will *not* see him," responded Violet courageously, "unless you tell me what your business is. You say you come from Hampstead; we know no one there. I insist upon immediately knowing your true errand."

"Well then, if you will have it, I come to bring you one of these slips of paper at suit of Mr. Wisp, the baker;" and he handed her a long narrow invitation for Messrs. Conyers and Wisp, to submit each their cause to the friendly arbitration of him whom the French would call "Sir Pollock," in eight days' time.

"Very well!" said Violet, "that is all right. I never intended to defraud Mr. Wisp, I merely hoped I had made arrangements with him to wait a short time till it was convenient to pay his bill; but, as it seems I was mistaken the money will be forthcoming I trust sooner. Leave this *writ*," as you call it, with me; I will attend to it; but see Mr. Conyers, and annoy and worry him, you will *not* do!" And so bravely did Violet stand her ground that the discomfited lawyer's clerk took his departure,

and she returned with a smile on her face, and a jest on her lip to Frank. The next day Violet unlocked her little store of plate ; old, curiously wrought, quaintly fashioned family plate that had been in Frank's family generation after generation, and to which Violet, who loved all that was old, was greatly attached ; she weighed it, looked at it, as a miser does at his hoard ; then hastily filling a basket with it, said : " Never mind—these old, cherished things could only last for this life after all ; they are not like the immortal spirits of those we love—not like the rich gifts from our Heavenly Father, of intellect, intelligence, faith, love, and knowledge, memory and hope, which, we believe, will be but ripened by eternity into fuller fruition. If parting from these things saves Frank one anxious moment, what do I care ! it's a pleasure to suffer for him, and electroplate will do just as well. I'll watch my time to tell Frank after it's all settled."

With her basket under her mantle, weighing so heavily on her slight arm as to leave a black bruise there, she tripped lightly along, leaning the other hand on Frank, chatting merrily, though her poor heart beat. An excuse was easily made for an errand in another street for Frank ; and she would wait in " this silversmith's, who would put a pin to her brooch !"

Frank has gone, and Violet draws forth her store, mentioning lightly to the man that she wishes to change some old fashioned silver away—what will he give her for it. Of course " it is nought, it is nought," saith the buyer, and after some haggling, poor Violet's necessities oblige her to receive less than half the sum she anticipated. The suspense had been terrible—would he purchase at all, it was her last hope ; and would, oh ! *would* he give enough to pay the baker ! but the good gold rains down upon the counter, and with a sort of rapture, Violet seizes it. She can pay the baker—yes, and the shoemaker, and the butcher too ! As for the landlord, he was so civil, he will wait ; and the servants' wages can stand over a little while. Violet's spirits rose ; she dearly loved paying bills—it gave her a sense of power, a sensation of pleasure. " Home by the baker's, Frank ; I've got a delicious bill to pay there, and a scolding to give ;" and very dignified indeed was Violet's entrance and address to that respectable individual. With the air of a millionaire-ess, she expressed her astonishment at his conduct, and withdrew her custom. Frank never asked where she got the money from, or what were the particulars of the transaction ; in fact, he stopped Violet when she began upon the subject. " Don't tell me anything about it, it goes through me ; do let's talk of something else ; I shan't have the heart to go to Jowler's Bible Class if you tell me all these worries !"

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## CHAPTER XX.

## FRESH HOPES BLIGHTED.

"I know thee ! it is but the wakeful fear  
Of a haunted bosom that brings thee here !  
I know thee ! thou fearest the solemn night,  
With her piercing stars and her deep wind's might,  
There's a tone in her voice that thou fain would'st shun  
For it asks what thy secret soul hath done !"

MRS. HEMANS.

FRANK and Violet had hardly reached home after their baker-paying excursion in our last chapter, when a letter was put into Frank's hands marked "immediate : " the contents were as follows :

"400 *Old Jewry*.

"Sir,—Mr. Flintskin, the head of our respected firm, is, we fear, sinking rapidly ; he expresses a great desire to see you ; and might I, as his son, venture to take the liberty of requesting you to call upon him.—I am, sir, for father and self, yours respectfully, JOHN FLINTSKIN, Jun."

A cry of rapture broke from Violet. "It's all coming out, depend upon it, Frank, and just in the very nick of time too. I always knew there was some mistake. Oh ! go at once, Frank, *do* : " and Violet positively danced with impatience, while Frank studied the seal of his letter and wondered what the man could want of him. "Oh, Frank ! Frank ! go and you'll see ; do only just go—*go at once*." How she chafed as Frank settled his white tie—took first one pair of shoes out, and then remarking that it was too dry a day to wear them, changed them for another pair. At last he departed and Violet was left to the exciting torture of suspense. A day or two alone might lie between them and a magnificent property, or poverty and misfortune might be staring them in the face ; for every day their expenses, with their increasing family, became more and more overwhelming ; and in vain Frank laboured earnestly and diligently, still his income was a trifling pittance compared to that of a first-rate butler in the height of the season. Lukewarm in his efforts for his own advancement, Frank was never lukewarm in his parish ; there he was the indefatigable, energetic friend and adviser. He gave all he had to give—his time, his strength ; he would walk any distance to get a situation for some poor boy, dare any Dives to petition for a Lazarus, and brave all the impurities of a pawnbroker to lay out a widow's mite to the best advantage. He would take time and trouble in petitioning the Navy Board, the Horse-Guards ; he would go unwearied from workhouse to hospital, and from hospital back again to workhouse, to force them to supply a sinking patient with the comforts needful for them ; nay, he could even lecture others for want of faith



and hope. Yes! he was a very different Frank in his home and his parish; bold as a lion for others, shrinking as a sensitive plant from a rough touch on his own account.

Leaving Violet in all the anguish of uncertainty, we will accompany Frank, not to the depths of old Jewry, but to the snug, comfortable little box out at Wandsworth, which bore Flintskin on a brass-plate on its gate. The blinds were down when Frank reached it, but the servant who noiselessly admitted him informed him that master yet lived, though he had been looking very bad since yesterday. There were no anxious and loving women to tend this bed of death; the wife had long since sought her grave, and there was but one son belonging to them. Flintskin had been a hard man and had taught young John, like himself, to place his fondest affections upon gold; now he lay on his bed in his last mortal agony, and on the window sill sat his son, pale indeed at the unwonted spectacle before him, but yet leaning out of the window and stolidly smoking the stump of a cigar, as if unconsciously, in the very presence of approaching dissolution. As Frank came near the bed the dying man opened his eyes, a ray of recognition lit them: "I—have—wronged you," he panted forth, "the will—the will—was—"

But here a more fearful spectre, invisible to others, seemed to meet his gaze; his eyes glared with mingled rage and terror; raising himself by a mighty effort with clenched hands and a yell of fiendish execration and horror, he strove to encounter his approaching foe, unseen by any mortal eye but his, and in that vain effort sank back upon his pillow, and with a hollow groan the spirit of the money-seeker and money-lover passed away for ever! The scene had been too fearful for Frank to think upon his own share in it; even the hardened son "believed and trembled" for the time; and, "oh! sir," said the well accustomed hired nurse to Frank, "I am glad you were here—he made a fearful ending!"

After a few solemn words to both of them on that only business of *real* importance under the sun, Frank withdrew, and then and not till then he remembered the disappointment he should bear to Violet.

"Well, Frank, well! tell me at once," exclaimed she, as she ran down—"put me out of my misery."

"He is dead, poor fellow, a dreadful death; I never saw so awful a sight, Violet; some few words he spoke before he died about the will, but whether from the effect of delirium or not, I do not know."

"What did he say, Frank? for since you have been away Mrs. Trelawny has been here, and I told her where you had gone, and she said she was at Laura Mundane's marriage last year, and *after it was over* Mrs. Mundane took Lord John aside and was alone with him for nearly two hours—all the people waiting for the bride and bridegroom to go, and so impatient—and when they came out, he looked very pale and seemed very much annoyed, and she had evidently been crying. Mrs. Trelawny says she knows very well poor old Mr. Owenson always meant to leave you all his property; he told her so over and over again, and said he

hated to see a girl the heiress of a large estate and a prey to fortune hunters."

"Well, Vi, we will see what we can do about it when the old man is buried. I will go and speak to the son again and have another rummage for the will."

"Mrs. Trelawny wants us to go and dine there to-day, Frank; to meet the Boltons and Mr. and Mrs. Thurlow and Fanny, who are in town, and Caroline Heimweh who is staying with them. They are full of delight, because young Trelawny is expected every day from India, ostensibly on sick-leave, but he's quite well now—he only had a little ague—and he and Caroline are to be married and go back together. Mrs. Trelawny is so delighted at the match, so fond of pretty, winning little Caroline, and she says, 'What does money matter on one side when there's so much on the other.'"

"A sensible view of the case, just like Mrs. Trelawny; when do they dine?"

"Half-past eight, because Rosey and Caroline enjoy the crush in the park so much and like to see the world and his wife—Caroline is so amused after her quiet country life with all the bustle."

"I suppose she is very happy in the expectation of her *'future's'* arrival," said Frank.

"Yes, very; they have been four years parted and she says the happiness is almost too great to realize. Oh! Frank, by the bye, Adelaide Stanley is going out to the Crimea as one of the lady nurses; she is to pass through town to-morrow—I must try and see her."

## CHAPTER XXI.

### MORE HOPES BLIGHTED.

"Could'st thou depart nor on my heart,  
Pour out thy fleeting breath,  
Oh! I was with thee but in joy,  
That should have been in death!"

MRS. HEMANS.

EIGHT o'clock, or rather half-past, came, and found them entering Mrs. Trelawny's drawing-room, where, kind and hospitable as ever, she greeted them with her usual warmth. Both Mr. and Mrs. Trelawny were in particularly high spirits. They looked every hour for the return of their favourite son, after so long an absence, to make a marriage which extremely pleased them. Caroline was just the wife they would have chosen for their son, just the sister for the hitherto sisterless Rosey; she had been a great deal with them during the last four years, both abroad and in England, and had in fact already taken quite a daughter's place in their house and home. They were tenderly attached to her: Caroline's face, too, beamed with smiles as she welcomed Violet; she was in all the

pleasurable excitement of approaching happiness, when every knock or ring at the bell may announce the long expected come at last! She was eager to read portions of Lionel Trelawny's last letter to Violet, and one sentence she especially dwelt upon:

"At last, at last, *Cara mia*, our long long separation draws to a close—at last, I am actually packing for England; and soon, very soon, will all parting, all anxiety, be over, and our's will be union I trust for time and eternity. Don't be frightened at the sound of sick-leave; I am as well as ever I was in my life, except this nasty ague, and the first sea-breeze will blow that away!"

The Trelawnys were of course full of eager inquiries as to the dying confession of Flintskin, and excessively disappointed that so slight had been the results of Frank's summons to his death-bed.

"But if I were you, Conyers," said Mr. Trelawny, "I would follow it up. The Welmots are spending money like anything, I believe; Lord John lost considerably by a horse at Epsom, the Derby day; and her *modiste's* bill is, I hear, something marvellous—fifty guineas for a parasol, wasn't it, Rosey? I heard you and Cara talking of it, the other day! Mrs. Mundane, who was rather a saving soul, and was perpetually making hits at poor Lady Travers' extravagance, is quite shocked at their expenditure.

"That woman looks as if she had something on her mind," said Mrs. Trelawny; "from being a plump little body, she is quite a skeleton; and so fretful and peevish."

"Yes!" rejoined Mr. Trelawny, "they dined here last week with Lady Travers, and positively she had not the spirit left to spar at her. But here comes grandmamma Rosey," added he, laughing, "we mustn't talk of million spending before her—it would be too personal."

"Hush! Trelawny: you know the 'grandmamma' joke is a great deal too much for Lydia's equanimity! My husband will be so dreadfully filial out of mischief," added Mrs. Trelawny, as she advanced to receive the Boltons, who just then entered the room.

Violet could not help being amused at the extent to which Mr. Trelawny carried his system of plaguing Lydia with demonstrations of respectful attention, and son-like reverence carried to an absurd extent. He wheeled forward the easiest chair, fetched a gouty cushion for her feet; told Rosey he was afraid grandmamma felt the draught—she had better shut the window; inquired after her rheumatism, and begged, when she took up a book, that she wouldn't try her eyes reading that small print. Lydia winced under it—but she richly deserved it.

All the world could see the change wrought on poor old Lord Bolton by this preposterous marriage. From being a dignified, interesting old man, the idolized and respected grandfather of the Trelawny children, he had become at first a nervous fidgetty affecter of youth—a victim to conjugal despotism—at the same time that he himself was jealous, exacting, ridiculous in his love paroxysms—a Samson shorn by his absurd passion of the

hoary and venerable locks of age, he now rested a wigged and curled head on the arm of Delilah's chair. All this insane striving after youth and youthful feelings had worn the old man out—he was now more than childish, he was infantine; he clung to Lydia with perfectly ridiculous fondness; she seemed to have usurped his every affection—there was none left for any other. If any young man addressed her, he would shriek out in a voice shrill with indignation: “Don’t talk to Lady Bolton, she’s *my wife*.” Sometimes he would imagine he was not yet married to her, and insist upon pulling the check-string as they passed a church and getting out to “be married properly at last to that *beauty* there!” At which proposition the tall footman chuckled and the coachman grinned. He seemed to have taken quite a dislike to his grandchildren, of whom he used to be so fond, and to care for none but Lydia. But there was one tender spot in Lord Bolton’s heart still free from her influence, still sacred to his own earlier domestic affections; and that spot, strange to say, was not consecrated to Mr. Trelawny, in his brilliant, witty, agreeable middle-age, a son of whom any father might be proud—to Mrs. Trelawny, in her matron grace—or the young Trelawnys, in their playful and winning fondness for “Grandpapa.” No! that tender spot in the old man’s heart, and a very tender spot it was, was kept sacred and holy for his prodigal son—for his first-born, the strength of his strength, the pride of his life and the child of his youthful days. The very accidental naming of the word “Godfrey,” was enough to agitate Lord Bolton; and fallen low as his son Godfrey had, yet around that ruined gambler—that dishonoured spendthrift—that wild and dissolute reveller, there lingered still far sweeter paternal memories than fell to the share of his more prosperous and better conducted brother. No power on earth, not even Lydia’s, who had so easily dispossessed the younger son and his family, could displace from his last will and testament the formal commencing lines: “I give and bequeath to my dearly beloved son, Godfrey Hugh Trelawny and the heirs male and female of his body, born in lawful wedlock, all my landed and funded property, my jewels, plate, and furniture, and all my effects whatsoever they be.” Then indeed the will went on to say that, failing Godfrey or Godfrey’s heirs, all went without exception to his dearly beloved wife, Lydia Trelawny, commonly called Lady Bolton, to give and bequeath to whom she thought fit. Perhaps indeed Lydia had attached but little importance to the first clause, and allowed the old man to please himself by retaining it, for it was well known Godfrey Trelawny had never married—that he was dead abroad and had left no heirs of any sort—but I really doubt whether any persuasions even of her’s would have availed to cancel it. Among his dearest treasures, Lord Bolton kept yet in his dressing-room an old discoloured toy, the paint of which had been sucked off by the baby lips of the as yet unsullied babe. “Poor Godfrey, poor Godfrey,” he would murmur when Lydia discovered him, as often happened, in the contemplation of it.

The Trelawnys gave very pleasant parties. There was always so much conversation, and now especially Frank and Violet were so glad to meet the Thurlows again and hear all about their foreign travel. Fanny was loud in the beauties of Lugano, where they had spent the summer—the pretty little English Chapel so nicely arranged; the pleasant *Hotel du Pare*, modernized from the old monastery; the lovely walk up Monte Salvadore; the view of Monte Rosa; the charming Italians who lived near Lugano, and gave such pretty dinner parties, marking each one's seat by a flower handed round the drawing-room, corresponding with a similar one placed in the plate in the banquet hall. A wild Italian pic-nic, among wild Italian rocks, had also greatly charmed her; they crossed the lake to go to it; and the *convives* had been patriots and there was much clashing of glasses, and toasts of "*Liberté, égalité, fraternité!*" "*Viva Italia!*" "*La belle Italia, la cara patria!*"—and then the soft moonshine on the lake and the soothing influences of the evening hour, calmed down these tumultuous spirits, and very melodious and plaintive was the music that swelled over the waters on their return. Altogether, according to Fanny Thurlow, it was charming, and if you hadn't been to Lugano, you had been nowhere!

Other subjects of conversation too were started, and while the rest of party were busy with Swiss and Italian reminiscences, Mrs. Trelawny took occasion to ask Violet if she had had any news of poor Ned and Julia. 'Under the seal of secrecy Mrs. Trelawny, knew as much of the true state of the case as Violet herself did.

"Yes, they write cheerfully," said Violet, "they are quite alone in the wilderness, and sometimes for months see no human being but their farm servants, and each other. I should dread bush-rangers, but no fear seems to enter their mind. Ned works hard, and Julia seems a perfect slave to domestic labour; but she says she enjoys it."

"What a mercy they have no family," said Mrs. Trelawny.

"Yes! and I really don't think they regret it; they seemed at one time to be disappointed, but I think they have got over that."

In the course of the evening there happened one of those scenes of irritable passion that were now of such frequent occurrence with poor Lord Bolton; he was put out because Lydia didn't come herself to cream and sugar his coffee, but remained talking to some young man who was dining with the Trelawnys. He screamed and sobbed like an angry child; told Lydia she had married him for money, was tired of him, wanted to get rid of him; in fact uttered in his impotent rage such home truths that even Mr. Trelawny felt for his victim, who, pale with suppressed fury, her gown dragged and clutched by his hands, was obliged to go home with him. To dissipate the sort of uncomfortable feeling that had fallen upon all, Mrs. Trelawny called for music; and after much foreign singing by the Thurlows, the young man, who had fallen into such disgrace with Lord Bolton for talking to Lydia, sang some of the songs of the Ethiopian serenaders, and among others "Poor Uncle Ned." Suddenly a wail—a

deep wail of Rachel-like anguish—echoed through the room and every eye was turned upon poor Mrs. Thurlow, as pale, convulsed with grief, she leaned upon her husband's shoulder. Years had rolled back for her by the power of that simple song ; it had touched the source of tears, and they had broken forth abundantly ! Once more she saw the dying child and heard the clear ringing tones of his childish voice. Her Eustace, he whose little form had long mingled with its parent dust, lived once more and once more died in her imagination, and her unclosed and unhealed wound bled freshly as ever. Of course every one was greatly distressed, music was over for the evening.

Mr. Thurlow led his wife from the room and returned full of apologies. "Her nerves were weak, she had never recovered the loss of her poor boy. Mrs. Trelawny would excuse her."

"Poor thing !" said Mrs. Trelawny, "I only feel too deeply for her. I don't think I ever could recover the death of a child. I sometimes tremble for fear anything should happen to them—my full unbroken band."

Violet, who had been scribbling something with a pencil and piece of paper, touched Fanny Thurlow on the shoulder, and showed her some lines.

"Thank you, thank you, dear Mrs. Conyers, how very beautiful—poor mamma will be so soothed and touched by them—may I keep them ? and did you write them all in a minute ?"

Violet is about to answer : but hark ! a noise—a rattle of wheels—louder, louder it swells upon the air—it stops with a sudden stopping sound—the door bell rings with a sharp decided ring. Caroline turns very pale. Is *this*, at *last*, the meeting hour ?—after four long years, is he coming at last ?—a moment yet, and will she see his face, feel his arms about her ?—is this *his* step that presses the stairs, his hand that turns the handle of the door ? Mr. Trelawny springs forward—Caroline gasps for breath—a servant enters much agitated : "Can I speak to you, sir, for a moment ?" Mr. Trelawny passes from the room, and a deadly silence, a silence that might be felt, falls on all present ; then, after a pause, Mrs. Trelawny gropes, as it were half paralyzed, her way from the room, and soon there arises through the house a sound of bitter lamentation. Who thinks of Caroline, as she stands there like one bereft of life—of sense, her eyes wild and fixed, her limbs incapable of movement—unresisting victim to an inexpressible sense of agony ? Yes ! Mr. Trelawny remembers. Yes, in his own deep grief he can yet recollect there is one mourner who will weep for the dead even bitterer tears than his ; he returns to the room, puts his arm round Caroline, and gently leads her away ; and then burst from the lips of sorrowing domestics the fearful tale, how the mortal remains alone of the loved and cherished, of the ardently expected, have been borne to the paternal dwelling—how the bride's kiss must rest upon a death cold forehead and the mother's arms enfold a lifeless corse. An attack of cholera had laid



low Lionel Trelawny four days before he reached England! His betrothed's name was the last upon his lips—he bequeathed her, as a precious and sacred legacy, to his father's care.

"Would," he said to his servant—"would that I might but live to see them once more, and I would die resigned if not happy."

His body alone had reached England, the spirit had taken flight to a world where they shall "neither marry or be given in marriage."

Let us leave father, mother, sister, and betrothed, in their deep grief beside his coffin. The scene is too sacred for a bystander's intruding presence. Come—leave the mourners to their grief. Close the door gently, and steal away! This evening had been a painful one to many.

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*(To be continued.)*

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### AN ELEGY.

BY S. H. BRADBURY (QUALLON).

No longer happy dreams are mine,  
I see no pleasure now in store;  
Lone memories of the lost one twine  
About my heart for evermore—  
Pale fragments of the sweetest lore!

The relics here of her I praised,  
Serve only to unlock my tears;  
The brightest idol ever raised,  
Some tinge of sadness sometimes wears,  
Weaves sorrows for the coming years!

The heart is made to hold the cares,  
It fain would shun, from childhood's morn,  
The languid look its anguish bares;—  
The gayest pleasures ever born,  
Some darkened tints of woe have worn.

Ah! could we ne'er recal the past,  
The present would have less of pain;  
The shadows on our pathway cast,  
Would swiftly as the moments wane,  
And life far happier visions gain.

A look what histories it reveals !  
What meanings oft start from a word ;  
The humblest death a life oft seals !  
Whose pangs are never seen or heard,  
Yet nigh to hopeless madness stirred.

Some treasure for the heart we find,  
We place it there as child will lay  
A kind fond look upon its mind,  
That hallows it but for a day,  
Until with tears it glides away.

The truest hearts are soonest chilled,  
The fairest cheeks the soonest pale ;  
That life with woe the soonest filled,  
Can tell the keenest, saddest tale,—  
The rarest joys the soonest fail !

A poor dead idol now I see,  
In memory white and pure it strays ;  
I ask why was she dear to me ?—  
She lived in Love's most roseate rays,—  
Now Love in pensive passion prays !

Rest thou in peace my lovely one,  
Thy books are records ever dear ;  
Though like a faded rose thou'rt gone,  
I have thy flowers and music here,  
I look to Heaven and see thee there !

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ROUNABOUT LETTERS  
ON  
STRATFORD-ON-AVON.—No. 7.

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK, AND THE THISTLE.

DEAR MADAM,—If I wanted to lay out money upon annuities, I should very much like to secure it upon the lives of the three tailors of Tooley Street. One may rest assured that they will never die any time during the lives of our grandchildren. Beyond that, who cares for a lease, albeit one might be granted? A century ago, these three tailors were in the vigour of life and spirits. So they are now. And what is more, they are ubiquitous; neither a giant nor a gnat escapes them. Whether the subject be the affairs of the nation, the rashness of Gladstone, the extreme folly of these Roundabout Letters, or the probability of a French invasion, no matter to the three tailors, who decide on the whole affair in a very few minutes. The preservation of the mystic number of three is, however, essential to their power and success. Admit a fourth, and the chances are that a variation of opinion will arise. Three people will settle between themselves, during a journey of a mile or two in an omnibus, that the new actor who came out last night won't do for Shakespearian parts. One of them will alight, and, the subject being started in another place, he will observe: "I assure you that public opinion runs decidedly against him." I need scarcely observe that our omnibus friend was one of the tailors of Tooley Street in a very thin disguise. You only listen, if you can get an opportunity, to the "tall" talk of a trio, consisting, let us say, of a dramatic author, a theatrical publisher, and an amateur actorial mimic. Do you imagine that there is anything in or out of dramatic art or literature that such a trio will not fancy themselves competent to pronounce a decisive judgment upon? Kean can't act Hamlet in *their* opinion; *ergo*, he can't. They never condescend to inquire whether other people, who think differently, may not be at least equally capable of forming a judgment on the matter. Oh, dear no; the three tailors are above all that sort of thing. They are in fact the self-constituted essences of Public Opinion perched upon three stools, and never learn modesty, however often they may be ignominiously thrown off their perches.

My dear old three tailors! Well, I do like them, that is a fact. They are amusing, and that is something in this dull every-day hard-working world. No author, or any public man of any other description, ever escapes them. And the joke of it is that, as a general rule, two of the

three know very well that their dicta go for nothing. It is only the third who is booby enough to fancy that the whole thing is settled, and he will, on occasion, go to another who has been condemned by the three, and instead of wisely concealing the character of the tribunal under the old guise, outs with the very names of the tailors! Oh, what a laugh is there! Learn wisdom, my friend, if you can. Go through the streets, and be wise. The three tailors settle the affairs of the nation or of literature only in their own stupid little noddles.

Every author of every description, unless he is too insignificant to be occasionally favoured by adverse criticism, is constantly bobbing upon the three tailors of Tooley Street, and woe be to him if he is goose enough to mind them. Their existence indeed it is impossible not to recognise, but the only reason of their present notice lies in the hope, no doubt a vain one, of curing to some small extent their childish arrogance. I had forgotten really until I came to these words how very stupid I am. Why, without that quality they would never be the tailors above spoken of. The very essence of the character of the three tailors is childish arrogance, and so it must be to the end of the chapter. We can now speak of them generically, thus,—and say—whenever two or three people get together, and lay down the law in the conceit that they are the supreme judges, there see the tailors of Tooley Street!

It is not so long ago, hardly, I think, six weeks, since the three tailors paid a visit to Stratford, and decided the fate of the historical interest of the excavations at New Place. "Did you ever see such a stupid affair," says the first. "Why don't they stick up a board, 'Dry rubbish may be shot here,'" says the second. "It's all bosh," says the third. "Where's Shakespeare's Well they spoke off," says the first. "I don't see a well," says the second. "Leave well alone," says the third. And in this frame of mind they adjourn to the Birth-Place, and bother Mrs. Ashwin out of her life with stupid questions and dogmatic opinions. They will tell their friends, that they will, that the whole of Stratford is a regular take in. "How do you know that that letter was written to Shakespeare? I see nothing in it. How do you know that was Shakespeare's desk? I don't believe it. When I was here many years ago, this was a butcher's shop, and they sold meat, and I don't like the alteration; however, we will go to Shottery, and see the house where Shakespeare's mother lived; there's something in that." "Not his mother," says Mrs. Ashwin, "but his wife." "Oh, his wife, was it; well I know it was one or the other." And so they bundle off to Shottery, not one of the trio having the slightest suspicion that he was not better capable of judging of all these matters than they are who have made them the study of their lives.

It is not the least use arguing with a Tooley Street tailor. If you point out to him the surpassing interest attached to the gardens of the great dramatist, to the spots he traversed in his later days, and where no doubt he mentally wrote some of his finest works, the tailor sees nothing in them. If you tell him the exact boundaries are capable of being estab-

lished by positive evidence, he either does not believe it, or if he does, sees no use or interest attached to the fact. If you tell him that Getley's copyhold ought to be preserved for public uses, if merely as a material evidence of a fragment of Shakespeare's material biography, that regularly settles him, and he puts you down for a madman. It never enters into the remotest corner of his imagination that you, who have made Shakespearean biography the study of twenty years, may *possibly* know more about matters appertaining to it than one who has paid no attention to the subject at all. My dear friend, I know everything; I can decide on everything; and I feel intuitively that every one who differs from me is a booby. Am I not one of the three tailors of Tooley Street?

The three tailors have been as busy as bees in promulgating their opinions about the Shakespeare Fund, and one of them is goose enough to get into a regular passion because the Fund is successful in spite of all his fury. The sight of New Place puts him out for the rest of the day; so his wife, when they are driving up Chapel Street, is careful to draw his attention to the indefatigable Mr. Leaver, or to the nice appearance of the Falcon, or anything she can possibly think of to draw her darling's attention to the side opposite the excavations. "Out, damned spot! out, I say!" It is currently reported at Stratford that his nights are disturbed by a horrible vision, in which I appear in the likeness of a spirit of the dark, hovering over the site of the Poet's house, and bearing a scroll inscribed with the mystic words—

"If you're worth a farden,  
Subscribe to Shakespeare's garden."

Lines which put him into a cold sweat; for, on the one hand, he has no desire to be considered a pauper, and on the other, he wishes the garden, myself, and all connected with it, at the city of Bath. He has very nearly, after repetitions for a fortnight of this detestable vision, made up his mind to exorcise the spectre by presenting a guinea to the Shakespeare Fund. My kind friend, Mr. Hunt, will take charge of it for me, and add his testimony to my own that nothing secures a good night's rest so effectually as liberality in that direction. The second tailor does not get into a passion about it, but he demolishes the whole affair, in his own estimation, by the pompous utterance of the following terrible words: "I've made up my mind I never will under any circumstances contribute a single penny to that piece of humbug, the Shakespeare Fund." Like Mrs. Brown, the widow, whose bill for meat averaged about five shillings per week, and who expected, on the announcement of the withdrawal of her custom from one of the richest butchers at the west-end, that the shop would incontinently be closed, the second tailor is confident in his own mind that the mere fact of his declining to subscribe will at once demolish the Fund. The third tailor merely says ditto to Mr. Burke. He has no opinion of his own on the subject, but he cannot imagine that a project, which encounters the animosity of two such distinguished individuals as the first and second tailors, can ever come to

any good. So he does not subscribe, and, if asked his opinion on the excavations, he says that the whole thing is a dead swindle.

The first tailor has not got sense enough to reflect, and so to realize the fact, that if he had been contented with buttoning up his pockets, and not bothered his head about the Shakespeare Fund and its doings, he would never have been disturbed by the horrible vision I have vainly endeavoured to describe. But it is one of the characteristics of Tooley Street tailors that they must detest, and attempt to impede, all progress they do not understand. Even enthusiasm must follow in the wake of their own fancy, or their powerful influence will be thrown into the scale against it. In the extravagance of their arrogance and vanity, they never seem to know that they are perpetually exhibiting themselves in the glass of folly before persons whose good opinion they would, geese as they are, have sense enough to wish to obtain, but are unconscious of offending their sentiments through a persuasion of the impossibility of other minds rising above their own miserable level. And herein lies an admirable and involuntary antidote.

J. O. HALLIWELL.

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## GENEROUS FRIENDSHIP AND FEMALE INTREPIDITY.

### AN ANECDOTE OF LATE TIMES IN SPAIN.

THE royal castle of Aranjuez is situated seven leagues north of Toledo. It is rendered worthy of notice both by the beauty of its architecture and the lovely scenery that surrounds it. The small town adjoining this palace, bears its name. In 1835, when the civil war was at its height in Spain, Gonzalvo Fernandes, a man of experience and talent, was Governor of Aranjuez. He had for the last several years maintained order in its vicinity ; but the populace seemed weary of peace, and a conspiracy was formed against the man who by his wisdom had known how to preserve them from the misfortunes which oppressed their neighbours. Among those who knew how to appreciate the eminent qualities of Gonzalvo, the widow of the Marchese of X— was foremost ; her young and amiable daughter partook of the same regard, mingled with veneration, for the old friend of her father. The villa which her mother inhabited, was situated at a short distance from the town. The Marchese had many friends in all political parties, for she was a person of superior understanding and moderation. They met frequently at her house. One sultry evening in the month of July, they were partaking of chocolate and *zacheritta* in the Marchese's gardens, planted on the banks of the Tagus. Several groups were formed ; the young Micaëla was engaged in an animated conversation with a person who had of late taken a more than usual interest in public affairs. She possessed the gift of inspiring confidence, and of awakening enthusiasm. Under that influence he seemed to throw off all restraint, and disclosed to her a conspiracy formed against the Governor, by which his life was to be sacrificed that very night. A sudden paleness, and a noble expression of decision, betrayed Micaëla's determination to frustrate this attempt. The conspirator was alarmed ; he entreated her not to abuse his trust. She neither promised, nor threatened, but only defended the point of honour. "I did not solicit your confidence," she said. "Were your life menaced and your nearest friend apprised of it, should her lips be sealed?"

He persisted, but in vain. Night approached ; trusting to the lateness of the hour, and her woman's fears, he took leave of the mother and daughter at the same time as their other friends. Micaëla lost no time in communicating to her mother what she had heard. In her younger days the Marchese of X— had been noted for her strength of mind, but political dissensions and private sorrows had shattered her nerves ; she gazed on the flashing eye and noble brow, she pressed her lips upon it, and said, "My own dear child, speak—I fear to guess your meaning!"

"Mother," replied Micaëla, taking her parent's hands in her's and bending her knees—"Mother, my purpose is formed, and only waits your sanction. I shall go this moment, and disclose this awful secret to the Governor: will you bless your child?"

"Your purpose is generous," said the Marchese, "but you have not weighed the difficulties; by your own account, assassins are abroad, and you propose to go alone and defenceless amongst them; Micaëla, remember you are my joy, my only comfort, and if you should be taken from me!" Her voice faltered, and she bent her head on her child's bosom. After a moment's silence Micaëla resumed her suit; she urged the importance of the case, that the life of a dear friend was in some measure placed in her hands, and that all things well considered, the peril to herself was unimportant—that her very unprotected state would enable her to traverse the crowd unnoticed. At last her mother yielded to her entreaties, and she departed wrapped in her mantilla. Armed with her mother's consent, her heart felt lighter. The night was dark, but the road was fortunately familiar to her, being that long avenue called the Calle della Regina. In the silence that first surrounded her, she was able to form some kind of plan as to what she should do on reaching the palace. This profound silence was, however, soon interrupted by the distant buzz of voices which seemed to swell as she drew nearer. She then met some straggling groups, then larger and larger numbers of people, and at last a dense mass. She summoned all her courage; at the moment of accomplishing her noble purpose, should she shrink? She worked her way through it unobserved. Emissaries seemed busy among the crowd, which was not noisy, but resolved. Here and there the name of the Governor was heard, mingled with muttered imprecations. The mass grew less dense, it evidently was not yet allowed to approach the palace. As the numbers diminished, Micaëla's confidence did not increase; she felt conscious that the risk she ran was rendered greater. She at last reached the gates of the palace in safety. The watch called "Who goes there?" but on her answering readily, she was allowed to pass. She crossed several courts without hindrance, and sought the private apartments of the Governor. She wished to avoid his being suddenly called to talk to her, and her intention was to desire to see the steward, who was a man long known to her and her family, and under considerable obligations to her deceased father. She knew that he was in the habit every night of settling his accounts in a room with the position of which she was acquainted. She gently knocked at the door and was answered. Antonio was much surprised to see her enter, and his first idea was that some misfortune had befallen the Marchese or herself, and that she sought his assistance. She quieted his fears as regarded his first impression on so unexpected a visit, but added that she had no less important a reason for seeking him at so late an hour.

"The Governor's life is in danger, and there is no time to lose, I cannot enter into particulars; how is Don Gonzalvo Fernandes engaged at the present moment?"

"He is in his private drawing-room at his game of cards."

"Who are those admitted to his presence to-night?" Antonio named several. "It is enough," she said; "one of those you have named, is one of the chief conspirators, I am well informed. Antonio you have been tried, and are to be trusted. Let no one but you know that I am here. Send a message to the Governor to say that a person wishes to see him; he is known to be accessible at all times; go, and be cautious."

Antonio hastened, without reply, to execute her orders. Left to herself, Micaëla rejoiced that she had so far succeeded. She soon heard the sound of approaching footsteps, and the Governor entered, followed by Antonio. He did not yet know who wanted him, and appeared to await an explanation. Micaëla, who was still wrapped in her mantilla, made herself known.

"Your Excellency is surprised to see me;" she said, "will you place reliance on the word of a woman? Your life is in danger; it is now past eleven; when the clock strikes twelve, you will be summoned out of the palace to quell an insurrection; a conspiracy has been formed by a powerful body of malcontents to assassinate you, when thus at their mercy, and take possession of the palace for Don Carlos. Don Juan is amongst the chief conspirators, and is with you to-night to aid their purpose."

"The heroic exposure of your own safety is a guarantee of truth, generous child," answered Don Gonzalvo; "I believe all you tell me, but how shall I avert the blow? What excuse can I give when I am called?"

"If I may venture to advise," said Micaëla, "return to your game of cards, show no signs of emotion; but after some little time, feign illness, and retire to your own room. It will afford you a pretext for not going where duty seems to call you."

"Your advice is most judicious, and I shall follow it," said Don Gonzalvo, "but now, think of yourself, my Guardian Angel; you shall not leave the palace to-night; Antonio shall give my orders that a room should be made ready for you."

Micaëla refused his offer, and insisted on venturing back. She said she saw no reason why she should not return as safely as she had come, and that she would hasten to relieve her mother from the state of anxiety she had left her in. She also refused an escort, which, as she wisely judged, would only add to her danger. Don Gonzalvo Fernandes returned to the interrupted game, and followed in all things her advice so successfully that he defeated all suspicion; and Don Juan who saw him supported to his own room, was forced to go out to his fellow conspirators, and report the Governor's sudden indisposition, which must make the plot fail if entered into. The mob was dispersed, and the Governor saved. Micaëla reached her home in safety, but not without feeling many a time her woman's heart fail within her, for now, her own life was the only one in danger. Her mother awaited her return in the greatest state of anxiety, and after the first moments of mutual greeting, they both enjoyed the success of her benevolent enterprise.

## QUICKSANDS ON FOREIGN SHORES.

EDITED BY ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

(Continued from Page 288.)

## CHAPTER XI.

## A VISIT TO THE CONVENT.

NEARLY a week had passed since the little family circle had been broken up by Mrs. Courtney's removal with her youngest daughter to the convent. The lodging had been given up, excepting one room, in which Agatha and Clara held their tiny *ménage*. Mrs. Courtney, in thus leaving them together, had acted against the wishes of her friend Madame de Fleurier, who would have preferred her sending for Clara the very day after her entrance into St. Catherine's, in order that Agatha might thereby be induced to go to England; her own wish being naturally to get so dangerous a person out of the way. But the Abbé's superior sagacity foresaw the possibility of some *resistance* on Clara's part, and the evil of any such public demonstration of repugnance to the plan; and therefore strongly seconded Mrs. Courtney in her view of leaving the sisters together for the present, and afterwards detaining Clara when visiting her mother at the convent. And so well had Mrs. Courtney been trained by her "spiritual adviser," that not the faintest suspicion of such a scheme was allowed to reach Agatha, who was further put off her guard by a note from her mother the day after her departure, written in apparent sorrow at having been thus obliged "to lose them *both* perhaps for ever?" But she had made it a condition of leaving them together, that they were to visit her every week; and this note reminded Agatha that she should "anxiously look to see her poor dear children in a few days." Nothing was said about staying away from Valency.

The day came on which they were to visit their mother, and very early the sisters were at the massive gate of St. Catherine's; but the portress who answered their summons, after a long delay, informed them that the hour for admitting strangers was not yet arrived, and they must wait. A weary time they therefore spent, sitting under one of the tall cypresses, which seemed to stand sentinels before those prison-like walls. At length the door was opened, and they entered. Agatha felt a chill fear creep over her as she followed the nun down the dimly-lighted passages, and she squeezed Clara's hand nervously.

"Dearest Agatha, your hand is cold as ice this warm day!" whispered Clara; "remember *we* are not going to remain in this gloomy place!"

"God protect us! for we are helpless!" Agatha almost unconsciously

murmured, as the nun left them in the room appointed for visitors,—and pale and trembling, she awaited her mother's appearance. In a few minutes Mrs. Courtney came in, accompanied by the Abbess,—a good-natured looking woman of about fifty, whose portly figure and graceful veil, did not speak of a life of much hardship, or of utter indifference to the concerns of the flesh. The two girls hastened to embrace their mother, whose manner was lively and affectionate, but yet with something strained and unnatural in it, as it seemed to Agatha, and she earnestly wished to ask the Superior to leave them—but could not summon courage, as her mother, by frequently addressing her showed that, to *her*, the presence of a stranger was no *gêne*.

"And where is Emily? how is she?" they asked, as soon as Mrs. Courtney gave them room to get in a word.

"Oh, Emmy is happy as the day is long—quite spoiled, I am afraid, by our kind friends here!" said Mrs. Courtney.

"Yes, yes; she is quite the pet of the convent," said the Abbess, "I tell our sisters they make as much of '*la petite Emilie*,' as if she were a new saint in wax—ha, ha, ha! is it not true, Madame?—such dressing, such curling of her hair: oh, she is quite a little idol I assure you, *mademoiselle*!"

Agatha could not join in the laugh with which her mother echoed the Abbess's merriment at her own speech. Clara looked from one to the other in doubt, and then renewed her request to see her little sister.

"I will send for her," said the Abbess and calling to a lay sister, she despatched a summons for the "pet of the convent," who presently came running in, full of delight at seeing her sisters, but evidently well content with her new abode.

"Oh! Agatha," cried she, "I do wish you and Clara were here too; we should all then be so happy. Do you know I am learning music, and so many other things! *Sœur Camille* teaches me embroidery—such beautiful embroidery, and I have plenty of time to play too; and several such nice little girls are here, and the nuns are very kind to me. Ah! why do you not leave off being a heretic, and come here too?"

The sisters could not help smiling, as Emily showed them her gold cross, Madame de Fleurier's gift, and then produced bonbons from her apron pocket, which she forced upon Clara, saying, "Ah ha! you see how mistaken you were in thinking people must lead such miserable lives in a convent, and be half-starved!"

"You don't look as if we kept you on nothing but dry peas," said the Abbess, playfully pinching Emily's rosy cheek: "but, my little darling, should you not like to show Mdlle. Clara the school-room, and introduce her to some of your friends?"

"Oh! yes," cried Emily, "come, Clara."

"We will return to you in a few minutes," said the Abbess; "meanwhile I will leave Mdlle. Agatha with her mamma." As she spoke, she

took Emily's hand, and Clara followed rather reluctantly, but not liking to refuse her little sister. Agatha, on her part, was unwilling to lose sight of her companion for a moment, and would fain have accompanied them, but her mother's voice detained her. "Is my company already grown so wearisome to you, Agatha, that you cannot stay with me?" she cried, and her daughter hastened back to her side, melted by the tenderly reproachful tone in which she spoke; and now that they were no longer observed by a stranger, her fortitude gave way, and bursting into tears, as she knelt beside her mother's chair, she cried in a broken voice, "Oh! mamma, mamma, how could you leave us!"

"My child," said Mrs. Courtney, kissing her affectionately, "we shall all be happily re-united ere long I trust; only do not shut your eyes and ears to the advice and instruction which have opened mine, and all will yet be well."

As she spoke, a nun hurriedly entered the room, and spoke in a whisper to Mrs. Courtney, who rose instantly. "My dear Agatha, Madame de Fleurier is here," said she, "and recent circumstances have made it painful to her to meet you just now; you must not be offended with her, my love, it is only natural in a mother you know. She is in the passage now. Sœur Camille, will you be so kind as to take my daughter into the garden for a little while!"

"Willingly, if Madame la Supérieur will permit," said the nun, and going to the door she met the Superior, who was conversing with Madame de Fleurier in the hall, and having received the desired permission, she conducted Agatha by another door into the garden. It was not quite so pretty as it had appeared from a distance in Agatha's painting; the straight paths and smooth green turf, the long flights of stone steps, and the rows of lofty cypresses, had rather a formal effect, yet still it was a pleasant spot enough, and very unlike convent gardens in Paris, as the walls were not high enough on the river side to impede the view. Agatha walked in silence for some minutes, her eyes bent on the ground, but at last thinking she must in civility say something, she made a commonplace remark, to which her companion replied in a voice so sweet and sad, that she was prompted to look up at her, and was struck by the intelligence and mildness of the expression that met her eyes. Sœur Camille was past early youth, though her pale cheek and wistful looking black eyes seemed to say that it was inward sorrow more than the natural progress of time that had driven away bloom and gaiety: her clearly defined dark eyebrows contrasted almost startlingly with the snowy band round her forehead, and added to the searching intensity with which she returned Agatha's look of gentle curiosity.

"Mademoiselle!" she said in her soft voice. Agatha stood still for a moment. "Now don't pause in your walk," said the nun; "there are eyes enough watching you; but I cannot bear to have you deceived—do not notice what I am about to say by gesture or exclamation—only listen."



"What—what is it?" whispered Agatha in dreadful anxiety.

"Your sister, Mademoiselle!—they mean not to let her return to you. You will see, she remains at St. Catherine's. Collect yourself, for Heaven's sake, or you will betray me! Do not show your agitation. Ah! if like me you had been forced for years to hide every feeling! I pity you deeply, but if you weep you will only betray me without doing your sister any good."

With a strong effort Agatha restrained her feelings. "Is it a preconceived plot, then?" said she.

"Yes: your mother is in the secret. If I could, I would have warned you, but I sought in vain for an opportunity."

"Oh, why did I venture here at all?" said Agatha; "but I thought to refuse to visit our mother would have been wicked. Oh, had I only thought of bringing Madame Marcel with us?"

"They would not have admitted her," said Sœur Camille; "but now hear me, Mademoiselle, for our time is short, and I would fain give you what comfort I can."

"Ah, God alone can comfort me!" said Agatha, hastily wiping the tears that poured down her cheeks. "But I thank you for your sympathy; how is it that you feel so differently from the rest?"

"I do not know how they feel, Mademoiselle; some of them may secretly abhor an act of treachery as I do, though doubtless most think that the end sanctifies the means. But I can give you something beyond mere pity;" then lowering her voice to a whisper, she added, "I too am now a Christian—I have a Bible!"

"You! here? in this convent?"

"Hush! do not betray me—beware of showing by look or gesture the slightest interest in me," said the nun. "I promise you to watch over your sister Clara; I am the embroidery-mistress, and may sometimes see her alone. Emily, I dare not trust, she is too childish and too frivolous; for the present we must leave her to her fate—but I will try and watch over Clara."

"May God bless you for your promise!" said Agatha fervently; "but how is it that you are not suspected?"

"Because, as yet, I have not had courage to acknowledge my changed views, or to absent myself from confession. I feel I am acting deceitfully—but I wait in a sort of hope of one day escaping. I obtained my precious book two years ago, when on a visit to my native place, which I was allowed to make for my health's sake."

"And cannot you make your situation known to your relatives?" said Agatha; "perhaps they might assist you."

"No, they are bigoted Romanists; I have but one hope, which is through a friend in Lyons, the wife of a silk manufacturer; they are Protestants, and would help me if they knew my situation, their name is Delamarre; but I know not their address."

"Well, I will try to find your friends," said Agatha, and you will do

what you can to preserve my Clara. Oh, what will become of her? It is hard to bear—but God will not abandon the dear child! You may fully trust her," added she, "I can answer for her discretion, young as she is."

"You ought to lose no time in writing to England," said *Sœur Camille*, "or even going in person, perhaps,—for your letters may be tampered with. Your relatives ought to be able to assist you in withdrawing your sisters—at least the one who is unwilling to remain here—but, hush! we shall be interrupted. I hear voices approaching: do your best to look indifferent, and ask for your sister as if you knew nothing about her detention."

"We are sorry to have kept you so long, *Mademoiselle*," said the portress, who with another nun now approached *Agatha*; "it is now locking-up time, and *Mrs. Courtney* sends you her love, as she will not be able to see you again to-day."

"I want my sister; where is Clara?" said *Agatha* in a voice trembling with agitation.

"I am happy to say," said the other nun, "that *Mdlle. Clara* has decided to remain with her mother: I wish we could persuade you to follow her example!"

For one moment *Agatha* hesitated, whether it might not be better to consent, and enter as a boarder along with her family, for the sake of watching over her sisters; but a second thought convinced her that they might as easily be separated from her within the walls as if she remained without, and that for the sake of all parties, it was her duty to preserve her liberty. She coldly bade the nun farewell, therefore, and requesting her to tell her mother that she should call again as soon as possible, she left the convent, and returned to her now solitary lodgings. Wearied with the walk, she sat down in her usual place almost mechanically, but a glance at the empty seat opposite her was too much for her excited feelings, and leaning her head on the table, she wept bitterly. The sense of *Clara's* dangerous position—of what she might have to endure—and the fear lest she might at length sink under threats or cajoleries was more afflicting to her than the utter loneliness of her own situation, though she did indeed feel desolate for a time. At length by a strong effort she roused herself, and taking up the open Bible which lay by her side, strove to soothe and cheer her fainting heart by reading some of those gracious promises which have consoled so many sorrowing Christians. Before long her drooping spirit began to revive; she dried her tears, and having committed her dear *Clara* to a more powerful Hand than her own, was able to turn her mind to the calm consideration of her duty in these new circumstances. She resolved to consult *M. Marcel* before adopting any plan of action, and as it was now too late to think of going to *Valençy* she retired to rest as soon as she had made herself a cup of coffee, that she might be able to rise with the sun next day, and so reach *M. Marcel's* house before he should have started on his parochial rounds.

## CHAPTER XII.

## CHRISTIAN FRIENDS.

It was a bright September morning, so delicious in its fresh softness, and in the beauty which the golden sunbeams threw over every object they touched, that Agatha, sad as she was, felt cheered as she walked alone along the rugged path she had so often trodden with Clara at her side. It happened that at a short distance from Valency, she met the same shepherd boy who had first introduced her and her sister to the Protestant village. He was sitting on a stone by the roadside, while his flock cropped the scanty herbage that grew on the steep bank. He recognised Agatha, having frequently seen her at church, and saluted her with an expression of wonder at seeing her alone; and with the *naïveté* of his class, inquired why the other young lady was not with her to-day."

"Alas! they have taken her into the convent," said Agatha; "and I am now going to ask the Pastor's advice about it."

"What, into the convent of St. Catherine?" exclaimed the young shepherd; "your sweet sister, Mademoiselle, who used to sing with us at church so nicely—ah what a pity! and will the Pastor be able to make them let her out of that building with its double-locked gates?"

"I do not know," replied Agatha, sighing: "they are not easily opened, I fear!"

"Well, do not grieve, Mademoiselle; they cannot shut out our divine Saviour; you know He came in to His disciples when the *doors were shut*, and so He can come to us also, though we cannot see Him! And I am sure He will comfort your dear sister, for is she not one of His lambs? and He loves His flock so much—ah, much better than I do my poor sheep," he added, smiling; "for I am but a hireling!"

Agatha, with a voice half choked by tears, thanked the poor lad for his simple words of sympathy and consolation, and inwardly blessed the good man who had so well instructed the children committed to his charge. Before she had reached the Pastor's house, she saw him coming to meet her; a report had reached him the previous night that she had been seen returning alone from St. Catherine's and this led him to guess the rest.

"It is as I feared, then," said he, on glancing at Agatha's sad face. "May God give you strength, my dear child, to bear this fresh trial with Christian fortitude! Nay, do not grieve as if all were hopeless for our dear Clara," he added, as she leaned against the garden paling and burst into tears,—“Come in and let us talk the matter over, and see if nothing can be done. Trust in God, and submission to His will, does not require, or even permit us to sit down with folded hands till all has been attempted that seems within our power.”

"That is why I am so early," said Agatha, as she returned the affectionate greeting of Madame Marcel, who had run to the door on seeing her. "I wished to tell you what had happened, and ask your advice."

They then sat down, and Agatha related her visit to the convent, and Cara's detention there. The history of Sœur Camille was as surprising as it was delightful to M. Marcel. "Why, here is light already!" cried he; "this is blessed news indeed—a Bible within the very convent walls!" Your beloved sister will not be left without a friend in her difficulties and, possibly, you may be enabled to be the means of one day rescuing both the poor ensnared ones from the net!"

"Ah, I am truly grateful for this ray of sunshine in the darkness!" said Agatha; "but, dear M. Marcel, I cannot feel as sanguine as you do. Think only—Clara is not yet fifteen, and so many influences around her,—her mother—" she stopped, overcome by the idea that her sister's worst enemy was their misguided parent. "What do you think," she continued after a pause, "of my going to England?"

"I quite agree with the nun, my dear, that it is the best plan under your circumstances; though your brother be neither very affectionate, nor seriously disposed, he cannot but dislike to have his sisters immured in a convent; it is so contrary to the feelings of every Englishman, that, as a guardian and a brother, he will surely feel it his duty to interfere without delay."

"But must I leave the neighbourhood of my poor Clara?" said Agatha. "Would not writing to England answer the purpose?"

"You ought to be the best judge, perhaps," said M. Marcel; "but it seems to me that Sœur Camille was right, and that your letters might easily be tampered with."

"My mother does not seem anxious I should go," said Agatha; "it is evidently Madame de Fleurier who urged her to propose it, for she must see that if I am in England, I shall take every means for rescuing my sisters."

"Madame de Fleurier has her own reasons for wishing you away as we all know," said Madame Marcel, who was aware of Raimond's attachment to Agatha, though not of her refusal of his offer; "she urges your departure, therefore, from personal motives; but I understand she tells her friends that your family will never be *sound* members of the Roman Catholic Church, while you are at hand to distract them with heretical arguments."

Agatha smiled sadly at the credit given her. "The poor Baroness must feel her cause weak if she thinks I could injure it!" said she; "but, I suppose she fears the effect of early association. You think then, M. Marcel, that I ought to start immediately for England, without waiting to try and see Clara once more!"

"I fear that would be waiting in vain," said he; "if they suffer you to meet, it will only be in presence of others. You had better lose no time in interesting your friends in England on her behalf. It is a long journey to make alone, indeed; I wish my duties rendered it possible for me to accompany you, at least part of the way."

"Do not be distressed at the idea of the journey for me," said Agatha,

"I have little fear of getting through it: and shall feel comfort in the knowledge that you are on the spot, to watch if anything gets abroad about our poor immured ones!"

"Well, my child," said the Pastor, "we must only commit you to the Hand that has guided you thus far: and we will not fear for our beloved Clara under such guidance. I will arrange everything for your route, and calculate as nearly as I can your expenses. At Lyons you might rest one night, and I have Christian friends there who would receive you. By the bye, there would be a fine occasion for discovering Sœur Camille's friends,—a silk manufacturer did you say?"

"Yes, named Delamarre," replied Agatha.

"I will write to one of my friends at Lyons to-day," said M. Marcel, "and desire him to find them out, if possible. I will also speak of your arrival, and give you the letter to take with you. You know the diligence starts from St. André at six in the evening; can you be ready to-day, do you think?"

"I believe so," said Agatha, repressing a sigh: "and as you say, there is no good in delay."

"I will come and assist you to pack up your things," said Madame Marcel; we will now read, and, after breakfast, I will accompany you to your lodging."

Agatha warmly thanked the kind friends who thus strove to lighten her cares by their affectionate assistance: and after having read and prayed with them, she felt cheered beyond expression, and was able to join the young group who were assembled at breakfast without casting a shade on their gaiety. At six o'clock in the evening, M. Marcel put her into the diligence, and with tearful eyes she glanced towards the white walls of the convent, as the lumbering wheels of the vehicle bore her away from the spot which contained all her family; and she breathed a heartfelt prayer for the mother who had deserted, and the sister who had been torn from her.

"Do you know anything of the brother she is going to? has she ever mentioned him?" said Madame Marcel to her husband, as they sadly turned away, after losing sight of the diligence behind the rocks which overhung the road.

"Not much," he replied; "but the very fact of her so rarely alluding to him, leads one to conclude, that he is not an affectionate brother, or a religious man,—otherwise, how eagerly would she have turned to him for aid and counsel, instead of talking over every other plan, as she did with us, before deciding on applying to Mr. Courtney."

"What a sad reception for her, if he be a cold, hard kind of man?" exclaimed Madame Marcel: "and she appears too, to have no serious friends in London; she told me this morning that her mother's set of acquaintance were not such as she could go to in time of trouble, and the friends of the grandmother who brought her up in the country, were too far from London, and she had lost sight of them for too many years, to have much hope of gaining assistance or counsel through them. It is

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indeed a most trying situation for one so young ; but thank God, she has the true balm of Gilead in all her sorrows and difficulties !”

“ Yes,” said the Pastor, “ and I cannot doubt that the Lord in whom she has placed her trust, will send her Christian sympathy and aid when it becomes really needful. How long were both these dear girls left apparently alone, in the midst of dangers to their faith ! But when He saw that they had struggled on enough by themselves, God turned their feet towards our secluded valley, and opened the door of a Protestant church, and the hearts of His poor servants to receive and comfort them !”

“ That is true, indeed,” said his wife ; “ But tell me, Pierre, why did you deny to our dear Agatha the little earthly comfort you might have given her before parting ? It seems to me the child had had crosses enough and that you need not have forbidden me to mention to her your having had a letter from the young Baron !”

“ Ah, Marie ! that would have been rash,” said M. Marcel ; “ though he does indeed ask me for an address to some Christian pastor of my acquaintance in Paris,—yet I cannot be sure that this wish proceeds from aught but his feelings for Agatha, which are evidently as warm as ever, or more so indeed.”

“ I really think that you have forgotten what love is,” said Madame Marcel, rather impatiently ; “ one would suppose, to hear you, that you could never have felt a sentiment of which you speak so scornfully ; yet there was a time—”

“ My dear child,” said her husband smiling, “ it is just because I *do* remember that time so well, that I am cautious now ; I do not wish *to trust* to young De Fleurier’s religious professions, till time shall have given both himself and others reason to think that they are the professions of his real and steady conviction, and not merely the consequence of his admiration of the character which they have so mainly helped to produce in Agatha. Nor do I wish to raise hopes in *her* mind which *may* be disappointed ; but observe, Marie, I do not say they *will* be disappointed, I pray and hope that it will be as we both wish. I have given the Baron the address of a truly Christian man who will afford him every aid ; and from him I shall shortly learn how matters are going on, and whether the young proselyte is as sincere in his religious views as he certainly is disinterested and ardent in his love.”

“ I suppose I must be satisfied, then,” said his wife : “ and perhaps it was better not to disturb her mind with these thoughts now ; hereafter it may please God to grant her the happiness of knowing that the first impulse towards Christianity—the first wish to enter the narrow path and adopt the Saviour’s blessed yoke, had been given to Raimond through her humble instrumentality, blessed by the Spirit of mercy and love. Oh, what happiness that would be for her ! Words are too feeble to express it ! Are they not, Pierre ?”

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(To be continued.)

## MISERS.

A MISER is a character very generally and not undeservedly regarded as odious and contemptible. Yet in the present state of society, a miser occasions no loss to the community, but rather a benefit. For it is but seldom that he buries his money in the ground, and thus withdraws it from use, as was the practice in earlier ages. He generally puts it out at interest, and thus lends it directly or indirectly to those who employ it in trade, agriculture, or manufactures ; so that nothing is lost in his life-time, and at his death, his accumulations go to some one who may make a good use of them ; so that he half starves one worthless individual for the public good.

On the other hand, one who lives in what is called a liberal style, spending his money on sumptuous entertainments, costly buildings, and race-horses, is often accounted a public benefactor, because he furnishes employment to a great number of persons. But, though the labourers he employs in building him a fine mansion, in grooming his horses, and in cultivating his flower garden, cannot be called unproductive labourers, since their labours earn their own subsistence, yet their labour is unproductively *consumed*, not adding anything to the wealth of the community, as it would, if they had been employed in agriculture, or in manufactures ; in which case the money expended on them would have come back to their employer, who might employ it again and again with the like result. The supposed liberal spender therefore, though he wrongs no one, cannot be considered a public benefactor, since his unproductive expenditure diminishes so far the public wealth.

But of all modes of expenditure the one most admired is *benevolent* liberality. And if this is directed by discreet judgment, it is as useful as it is amiable. To relieve the blind, the sick, and the helpless, diminishes the amount of human suffering, and hurts no one ; and to help the struggling and industrious in their well directed efforts to help themselves, is not only a benefit to them, but is an encouragement to honest industry in others. But, on the other hand, to relieve the idle, the worthless, and the improvident, tends to demoralize others, by the encouragement it holds out to idleness and carelessness, and is one of the most mischievous of all possible modes of expenditure.

It has been found that in those parishes in which there are the largest bequests for the relief of the poor, there the poor-rates are always the highest. The town of Bedford is almost ruined by the vast amount of such bequests, being crowded with people who instead of exerting themselves for their own maintenance seek to eat the bread of idleness by obtaining a share of these bequests.

Guy, the well-known founder of the Hospital which bears his name (who by the bye is said to have been very penurious), accumulated a very large fortune; and having no near relatives, left it to trustees, for the endowment of an hospital; leaving them, at the same time, a discretionary power to apply any surplus which might exist beyond the demands of the hospital, to the relief of any relatives of his who might from time to time be in distressed circumstances. They soon had applications for such relief; the next year they had more; and every succeeding year the number of applications increased. They endeavoured to meet these even by stinting the hospital; but they were so far from affording effectual relief that so long as this system continued *no Guy was ever known to prosper*. Those who engaged in any kind of business were sure to fail; doubtless from being encouraged in carelessness and profusion by having such a resource in view. At length the trustees, finding that their donations did more harm than good, discontinued them altogether, and devoted to the hospital the whole of the revenue. Thenceforward the Guys were left to their own exertions, and probably fared neither better nor worse than their neighbours.

The monomania of avarice (for it sometimes seems to amount to a kind of insanity) sometimes assumes very strange forms, but in all is so much at variance with happiness as to justify the application, in the etymological sense, of the word *miser*. Indeed, in Norfolk and Suffolk, among the common people, the word *miserable* is the only one in use to signify what we call penurious. Stingy with them has a different meaning (doubtless the original one, as it is apparently derived from *sting*), signifying peevish and cross.

Dr. Johnson is represented in Boswell's Life, as controverting very justly the paradox some one had put forth, that a complete miser is a happy man, as he is constantly occupied, though in an ignoble pursuit, and enjoying his success in it. But though the miser has pleasures of his own, he has pains of his own, which more than counterbalances them: for he is grieved at every penny he is forced to expend; and *something* he must spend, in order to subsist, however hardly. And it would be a mistake to suppose that he does not feel the pains and privations he endures; he probably suffers as much from cold and hunger as other people, only that he would suffer much *more* from a greater expenditure on food and clothing.

A remarkable instance of this was afforded by an extraordinary miser, who had a small curacy in the county of Berks. He had a salary of fifty pounds a year and the glebe-house, the rector being non-resident. And it is said by one of his parishioners who well knew him personally, that for a great number of years he never expended one farthing of his salary, but subsisted entirely on the surplice fees which averaged half a crown a week. His salary and about thirty pounds a year, the produce of a small patrimony, he regularly invested from time to time in the funds. For the first year after his entering on the curacy, he boarded at the house of one

of the farmers, where he partook freely of their homely fare ; and at this time he was rather inclined to corpulency ; but when he took to keeping house for himself, he soon became excessively lean. One quartern loaf was his allowance for a week, and this with a thin slice of bacon was the whole of his food. Besides this, he had the luxury of tea, of which a small spoonful discoloured a large quantity of water. His firing (such as it was) was supplied by dry sticks and dead weeds casually picked up ; but he used frequently to call on some of his parishioners for the sake of getting a good warming at their fires. As for clothing he had a tolerably decent coat for Sundays, but for week-days' use, he is said to have worn for thirty years the same coat with which he came to the parish. Of course it often needed patches, which he supplied by cutting off pieces from the skirts ; so that the coat gradually degenerated into a jacket. On one occasion, as the narrator confidently asserts, he observed a scarecrow which had a hat better than his own, and therefore took the liberty of making an exchange. As for his habitation, the rector would not keep the glebe-house in repair ; so that the rain came in, and drove the curate successively from room to room, till at length he was confined to the kitchen, which for many years was his sole habitation.

The man who was thus accumulating wealth of which he made no use, was so far from enjoying unalloyed happiness in so doing, that he was thrown into the deepest distress by the reduction of interest on a portion of the Government-stock belonging to him ; and fretted excessively at having on one occasion to pay the postage of a letter.

When after many years he was dismissed from the curacy, he resolved to visit his own country, Wales, and see what relatives he had surviving. As soon as this became known, it was surprising what a number of cousins made their appearance, all vying with each other in their hospitable attention to the old man. He was overwhelmed with invitations to their houses and tables. But the sudden change of diet proved fatal to him. Ample and substantial meals after such long abstinence, in which the digestive organs had had so little to do, brought his life to an end within the year.

Another and a very curious instance of a miser's life is the following : A man who was well known to several persons now living, began life with a handsome fortune : he lived a life of extreme penury, denying himself everything beyond the barest necessities : he lived to a great age without having suffered any losses, or having ever given away anything ; and at his death he did not leave enough to pay for his funeral, but was actually buried at the parish cost.

It may amuse the reader to exercise his ingenuity in guessing how this was brought about.

It was remarked near the beginning of this article, that, in the present state of society, a miser seldom withdraws anything from use, since he does not usually bury his money, as was done in former times, but puts it out to interest. Sometimes, however, exceptions to this rule occur.

One remarkable instance came under the knowledge of the writer of this article. An old woman, who had accumulated a handsome fortune in the pawnbroking business, on retiring lived with her son, a clergyman, in a frugal style. But she had a perfect passion for buying bargains. Anything that was to be sold cheap, however useless to her, had an irresistible attraction. At any sale of a bankrupt stock, or smuggled goods seized by the revenue officers, she was sure to be found; and the articles which she bought cheap became ultimately very dear purchases, taking into calculation the loss for many years of the interest of purchase money: for she neither sold them nor used them, but simply hoarded them up in concealment. At her death her magpie-hoards were brought to light, and publicly sold. And it was a strangely miscellaneous collection. There was a store of mops and brooms, and pots of blacking, sufficient to supply for many years the town she lived in; there were casks of spirits bought at the sales of smuggled goods that had been seized, in one of which was found, in a state of high preservation, a rat which had been drowned in it several years before. There were enormous piles of blankets; and concealed in the folds of them numerous articles of plate, silver tea-pots, coffee-pots, trays, and spoons. She had never used any of them; and it was with difficulty her son prevailed on her to allow him the use of a solitary tea-spoon. Then again, though she herself ordinarily dressed like a scullion, there were found a great quantity of silk gowns, lace veils, and other articles of costly finery.

Such was the curious form which the love of hoarding in this instance assumed.

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## EPIGRAM.

WRITTEN BY A GENTLEMAN.

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As the foot is inferior in rank to the hand,  
 So Man below Woman in order must stand;  
 In our servants we see this precedence display'd,  
 The Man is *foot*-man and the Woman *hand*-maid.

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## DICKENS'S WORKS: A SERIES OF CRITICISMS.

BY S. F. WILLIAMS,

AUTHOR OF "CRITICAL ESSAYS."

### NO. 3.—"THE PICKWICK PAPERS."—HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION.

ENGLISH literature is particularly rich in prose works of fiction. The reason of this prodigal wealth may be found to consist in that love of action which is a characteristic of the nation. Novels and the drama are a part of the life of the people. And this, because whatsoever is embodied in representations of life, whether in poetry or prose, is presented with a force which does not attach, in the English mind, to an abstract principle or idea: the old Jewish method of conveying truth in a parable is, after all, the most effective and appreciable. A dry historical disquisition on antiquities would have comparatively small interest to the majority of readers; but with what enthralling attention we read the brilliant creations of Scott, on whose pages the past lives again! The sublime epic of Milton is the study of a few scholars; but the exhaustless dramas of Shakespeare, breathing the intensest humanity, and representing in ever-moving characters, the various phases of the human mind, are the idols of the nation. The ceaseless activity which distinguishes our external life is also what we, as a people, most admire in our literature. We have Bacon, who liberated philosophy from the vague speculations and obscure subtilties of the schoolmen, and based it upon experience and observation; Locke, who simplified and reduced to practice the rules laid down by Bacon for the improvement of knowledge, who contended that for all our ideas and principles we are indebted to sensation and reflection, who thus induced the doctrine of materialism, but who contributed more largely than any other writer to the correct discipline of the intellect; Newton, the greatest natural philosopher of ancient or modern times: those are some of the great intellects who have honoured and exalted the world by the products of their capacious minds. But we are not a philosophic or scientific people. These are not yet national studies. Perhaps, however, it would be difficult to say with exactness what kind of literature (if any) fully and precisely represents the total English mind, for the English mind is pre-eminently many-sided. Such variety of intellect belongs to England, that we cannot safely assume what direction the culture of the next generation shall take. Science, philosophy, history, poetry, politics, all the elements that compose the sum of human

learning, have had, and still have, their distribution in England. The present is emphatically the age of novels of character and manners.

Daniel De Foe is the father of the English novel. He has written a book which is read in every European language, and which affords exhaustless delight. It is the first great attempt to report one phase of life as it *was*. The secret of its marvellous power is its naturalness, and entire accordance with human nature. You cannot do otherwise than believe it to be a veritable fact, carrying its own authentication in its minute description, and its apparent fidelity of detail. It is the everlasting, infinite amusement of the schoolboy; its eternal freshness is the wonder of the man; its perfect ease and vividness of delineation impress upon you the reality of its revelations. You irresistibly feel the conviction that this a true account of a man thrown upon his own resources for the maintenance of life, a man who, shut out from the possibility of extraneous help, finds his satisfaction in the Bible. It is no exaggeration to say that you are enchained by the intensity of the story; so deep is the interest that it *Crusoeises* you; you accompany the hero in his adventures, and live with him on his island. You pass into his very being, and become identified with him. It is a romance of the soul contented alone with God and nature—the heroism of a solitary mind that sublimely reposes upon an Invisible Power, of a man who calmly confronts misfortune with belief in the wisdom of the overruling One. Its want of originality has caused it to be unjustly disparaged. But De Foe owes no more to the story of Selkirk than Addison and Steele owe to De Foe's own bi-weekly "Review," in suggesting the "Tatler" and "Spectator"—no more than Shakespeare owes in "Macbeth" to Holinshed's "History of Scotland," or in "Measure for Measure" to Whetstone's comedy of "Promos and Cassandra." The fact of Crusoe being thrown upon an uninhabited island is the chief reproduction from "Selkirk;" and this, being a possible natural circumstance, may not have been suggested by any book at all, or, if so, the hint may have been taken from one of the many narratives of similar shipwrecks. If De Foe is indebted to another author for this circumstance, the incident—an incident, however, which gives rise to the thrilling interest of the tale—is the entire amount of his debt. The whole story is his own by virtue of its identity with himself.

De Foe is a master of the art of writing naturally—of saying things as they were spoken. He never resorts to artificial aid, never idealizes, but writes down *life as it is*. He reports the fact as it exists. Satisfied with what nature supplies in the world around him, he writes as though from personal observation, and not from reflection. He faithfully copies nature; and so perfect is the reality feigned, that his stories have often been mistaken for genuine narratives. The "History of the Plague," has been cited as a true and authentic account of an eye-witness; Colonel Newport has been quoted as an historical authority; Lord Chatham believed the "Memoirs of a Cavalier," to be matter-of-fact; Johnson read the "Life of Captain Carleton" as a work of English history with which

he was unacquainted; Colonel Jack has been added to the records of highwaymen; and the "Apparition of Mrs. Veal at Canterbury" reads like an unmistakable fact. The circumstantial detail leads one to believe it indubitable truth. It is a general characteristic of De Foe. He is not surpassed in minute, accurate, Flemish painting. He is great in the vivid narration of adventures, and prodigal in the invention of ordinary incidents. He subordinates character to situation. In some of his works there are scenes deeply affecting for their humanity, and showing an intimate acquaintance with life. But De Foe does not reach the heart. The interest generally arises from some external cause, of situation or otherwise—it is created by circumstances. He is deficient in sympathy and intensity of feeling. He has humour, but it is not rich; irony, but it is not severe, although it served Swift for a model. The chief demerit of De Foe is the bad taste which led him to select vicious characters for his subjects. He has a profound and extensive knowledge of the arts of villiny. It is much to be regretted that a writer who could produce the incomparable "Robinson Crusoe," and the thrilling "Journal of the Plague Year," should not have had the moral discrimination to cast aside roguery, piracy, lawless adventuring, and courtesanship, as matters unworthy of his genius and sympathy. He is too frequently found in the company of pickpockets and their kind. But it is some compensation to know that he does not present these low and vicious classes as patterns for our imitation.

Richardson directly copied De Foe, and introduced the true novel. De Foe employed the heroic romance, in which personal adventures are graphically related, but in which there is no profound conception of character. De Foe's tales are exact pictures of life; but it is not everyday life; it is the life of adventure, of daring, of disgusting crime, of vice. Richardson, while founding his minute description upon De Foe, seeks his subjects in familiar, ordinary life, and invests them with a charm as of friendship. His descriptions are copious to tediousness. He is so anxious to preserve the appearance of reality that he particularizes with unequalled minuteness, and paints in circumstantial detail. He leaves untouched no particular which can throw the faintest additional light upon his characters. Every possible circumstance is made use of to deepen the impression of their truthfulness. We thus become intimately acquainted with them; and this thorough knowledge compensates for the repetition of conversations, and the prolixity of the narrative. But this exact and copious style of description is not the only, or the chief merit of Richardson. No writer knows the human heart better, and none have excelled him in pathos. He can move with tender feeling, or rouse with tragic passion. He has a strong hold of the passions. He can paint with delicacy and with strength. He can touch with finest, affecting sentiment, or stir with pictures of terror. The secret springs and subtle movements of the heart are at his command. The long dialogues between Sir Charles Grandison and Clementina are instances of his sway

over the passions; and the madness of Clementina is one of the most powerful delineations in our fictitious literature. Richardson is particularly happy in portraying female characters. Pamela, the embodiment of innocence and virtue, is perhaps somewhat too tame; but Clarissa is a splendid creation, and moves every feeling and emotion—pity, indignation, sorrow, hope. How noble is her moral elevation amidst her innocent sufferings! How fine are the lessons which Richardson often inculcates, not in set phrase, but in the incidents and characters themselves! Perhaps he has offended virtue in uniting Pamela to Mr. B., whose actions are so utterly opposed to her love of purity. Is it natural, is it exemplary, for a woman who looks with just horror upon vice to marry a man who has been trying to rob her of her honour? She who values innocence at an infinite price weds herself to a licentious husband. It is a contradiction to her delicacy, and detracts greatly from the morality of the story.

After Richardson comes Fielding, whose company Johnson does not like, whom Byron has called, "the prose Homer of human nature," whom Thackeray has admiringly sketched, and for whose "Tom Jones," Gifford has predicted a life "outlasting the palace of the Escorial and the Imperial Eagle of Austria." Coleridge, speaking of the two novelists, says that there is a cheerful, sunshiny, breezy spirit prevailing everywhere in Fielding which strongly contrasts with the close, hot, day-dreamy continuity of Richardson. Johnson read through "Amelia" without stopping, but he thinks its author barren compared with Richardson, because he cannot relish the coarseness of Fielding. It is unjust, however, to judge each by the other, for no two writers can be more essentially different, nor can the differences be more fundamental. Richardson and Fielding may be broadly and generally said to relatively occupy the same position as tragedy and comedy. Fielding is without pathos and sentiment—the characteristics of Richardson; Richardson is without ridicule, humour, deep knowledge of practical life—the characteristics of Fielding: so that, to compare them is tantamount in appositeness to comparing Amelia of "Vanity Fair" with Sam Weller of "Pickwick." Fielding is a brilliant wit, a keen satirist, a profound observer of life and manners, a wise and healthy humourist, and an intimate acquaintance of human nature. He is a skilful delineator of individual character, and the truthfulness of his persons is unquestionable. The portrait of Parson Adams declares its own life-like reality. He holds cant in supreme contempt, and hypocrisy in wholesome hatred. Thackeray, with pardonable exaggeration, calls him a poet; but he has little poetical imagery, and is deficient in the imaginative faculty. He has the geniality and sympathy which we generally associate with the poet's nature, but not the poet's inventiveness, creative fancy, and depth of feeling. Schlegel says he is an imitator of Cervantes; and indeed there is much in common between the author of "Don Quixote" and the writer of "Tom Jones," etc. Nevertheless, Cervantes has an air of romance which never appears in Fielding, for

Fielding's characters (particularly those in low life) and scenes belong to every day. Cervantes has a bold invention which Fielding does not possess; but Fielding adds to the sparkling wit of Cervantes a rough colossal manliness, an English heartiness, which would be exotic on the soil of Spain.

Smollett, the successor of Fielding, is the third author of this period who studied in the school of nature. The mention of his name brings up before us Uchele Bowling, Commodore Trunnion, Lieutenant Lismahago, Tabitha Bramble, and Mrs. Winifred Jenkins. These characters are as thoroughly identified with Smollett as Uncle Toby, Corporal Trim, and Yorick are with that most ethereal of humourists, Laurence Sterne. The characteristic of Smollett is humour, exhaustless, broad, manly. He has a keen relish for the comic and ludicrous. "Roderick Random" overflows with rich, delightful humour; exhibits an astonishingly fertile power of invention, and maintains its interest and charm to the end. Roderick's adventures read like his own experiences, for a doubt of their naturalness and personal character never enters the mind. He is the creature of whim, moved and swayed by impulse. His conduct towards Strap is ungenerous and mean in the extreme; and Smollett at last outrages morality and decency in allotting a prostitute to the faithful, devoted servant. "Peregrine Pickle" evidences the same excellencies and radical vices. The adventures of the hero in France produce sparkling, inexhaustible laughter. Commodore Trunnion is a happy creation; his pertinacity in observing naval habits in his house, and in the constant employment of naval terms, may have suggested Captain Cuttle in "Dombey and Son," though exhibited in a more ludicrous and exaggerated manner. But, the utter depravity of the hero, the length and apparent relish with which his licentiousness is dwelt upon, and the shameless indecency of many passages, are disgraceful, and, to the present writer, are fatal objections to the novel, for the coarseness and immorality are not counterbalanced by the wondrous wealth of humour. It would, however, be unjust to Smollett not to mention the delightful "Humphry Clinker;" the most original, and, morally, the best of all his works. In it we see a vast improvement both in taste and judgment; and the incident of the soldier, who has been absent eighteen years, finding his father at work as a pavier in a small town near Lanark, is highly pathetic. Indeed, this book contains the characters whom we love to call up from our memories: Matthew Bramble with his slight cynicism, Lismahago, Tabitha, and Mrs. Winifred Jenkins.

Following Smollett comes a host of novel writers, some of whose works are the delight and admiration of the world, while others are either deservedly forgotten, or but little read. There is the English Rabelais, Sterne, with his "Tristram Shandy," full of subtle humour, tender pathos, sarcastic wit, weak, affected, most disgusting sentiment, and containing characters who are developed with great distinctiveness and individuality: there is the great moralist, Samuel Johnson, with his

"*Rasselas*," of which Young has said that it is "a mass of sense;" there is Charles Johnstone, with his unhealthy satirical "*Adventures of a Guinea*:" there is the wit, the censorious judge, the bitter scoffer, and the malevolent scandal-monger, Horace Walpole, with his "*Castle of Otranto*:" there is the ever welcome and warmly loved Oliver Goldsmith, who is bound up with our affections, who is wedded to our hearts by his charming simplicity, by his generous benevolence, by his unbounded kindliness, by the excellence of his virtues, and by the frankness and thorough artlessness of his whims and absurdities, whose "*Vicar of Wakefield*" is one of the most beautiful of English novels, written with exquisite taste, and inspiring us with a deep love of quiet virtue, as exhibited in the vicar's household: there is the sentimental Henry Mackenzie, with his elegantly written "*Man of Feeling*," full of subdued humour and pathos: there is Clara Reeve, with her "*Old English Baron*," in imitation of Walpole's "*Castle of Otranto*:" there is Frances Burney, with her "*Evelina*," of parts of which Johnson said that they would do honour to Richardson: there is William Beckford with his wild Eastern fiction, "*Vathek*," which, in Byron's judgment, surpasses "*Rasselas*" as an Arabian tale, which does not pretend to teach morals like Johnson's book, but is occupied with Eastern splendours, habits, and studies, like Moore's gorgeous "*Lalla Rookh*;" there are Richard Cumberland, Thomas Holcroft, the sisters Lee, Mrs. Charlotte Smith, Mrs. Radcliffe, "*Monk*" Lewis, Mrs. Opie, William Godwin, Miss Edgeworth, Mrs. Austin, and others.

In 1778 Miss Burney published "*Evelina*," and in this romance, for the first time since Smollett, licentiousness, in which he and Fielding dealt so largely, was discarded as "imprudent" and unnecessary. But the change she effected was not an improvement. Intolerable affectation, ridiculous sentimentality and cant, and sickly sensibility took the place of the pathos of Richardson, the wit of Fielding, and the humour of Smollett and Sterne. Love, of course, continued to be a principal ingredient of the novel; but it was the maudlin love of Arabella and Matilda. Thomas Holcroft and William Godwin turned the novel into the channel of politics. Mrs. Radcliffe, a rythmical prose writer, introduced the appalling, the horrible, the melo-dramatic, and "sensational" into our novelistic literature. She delineates the passions with considerable power, as the character of La Motte witnesses. There are also passages in the "*Mysteries of Udolpho*" which are truly sublime. She extensively employs supernatural machinery in the composition of her romances, and she is the first of her class who adds to her portraits of character striking and truthful descriptions of scenery. "*The Monk*" of Gregory Lewis brought the horrible style to its climax. That wild romance is coarse, immoral, and disgusting. The writer who has the praise of using fiction for higher purposes, and directing it through purer channels, is Maria Edgeworth. She appeared at a time when this class of literature had fallen into obscenity, frippery, and absurdity; and she restored it to its proper position as the representative of life and manners. She would have



none of the mysteries of Mrs. Radcliffe, or the horrors of "Monk" Lewis. But she has not only the negative virtue of discarding these things, but also the invaluable merit of having contributed to the happiness of the human race. Fearlessly she exposes the inanities, and curses, and miseries of fashionable life. She finds that the world around her, its interests, its habits, its aims, its good and evil, contain materials enough for study, and therefore she reproduces them in books, courageously exposing its vices, and instructively teaching it morals. She has an exhaustless fund of good sense, and an unsurpassed power of invention. She does not possess the imaginative or poetic faculty; but her stories are a mine of wealth in character, incident, and just sentiment. Her varied delineations of the Irish are inimitable for their truth, pathos, simplicity, and originality. She is eminently a moral instructor, using the form of the novel to inculcate solid virtues and practical wisdom—to counteract the vices of fashionable life—to direct us to the real sources of enjoyment—to depict the follies and crimes of mankind, and to induce us to work for the benefit and improvement of the world.

In the same year that Miss Edgeworth published her sarcastic "Patronage" (1814) appeared "Waverley," a work which creates an epoch in our literature, which introduces the historical romance, which marks the commencement of the European influence of the English fiction, and which brought about the elevation of the novel; an elevation, in fact, to its natural rightful position as the "illustrator of history, the mirror and satirist of manners, the vehicle of controverted opinions in philosophy, politics, and religion." Scott himself frankly acknowledges that, to the reading of Miss Edgeworth's Irish novels he owes the idea and impulse which ultimately developed into this series of brilliant works. He felt desirous of accomplishing for his country what she had so well done for hers. Now that we have the result of this determination, what shall we say of the wondrous magician? That in romance he is alone and unequalled; that he has provided exhaustless delight and enjoyment for ages to come; that, in powerful fancy, in the creative faculty, in multitude of scenes and incidents, in astonishing variety of graphically delineated characters, in brilliancy of colouring, he, more nearly than any other, approaches Shakespeare himself; that, while in the highest intellectual gifts, in profound philosophic insight, in thorough knowledge of men under all influences, passions, and emotions, he is far inferior to the great dramatist, yet, he is like unto him in endless profusion of persons and events, and in easy, perfect mastery over all. Of course, we do not mean that Scott is equal to Shakespeare in all respects; for, while they are allied in vividness and felicity of representation—in free, universal, and deep sympathy for humanity—they are immeasurably apart as interpreters of life. Shakespeare knows the soul—Scott is greatest in its outward form and embodiment: Shakespeare is an unfathomed thinker—Scott a descriptive painter: Shakespeare, with the vision of a true *vates*, sees into the innermost recesses

of the human heart, gives utterance to every passion and emotion, to the longings of the soul, and affections of the heart: the world *within* is his subject; Scott "only pictures to the eye what his great prototype stamps on the heart and feelings:" the world *without* is his subject. Both have an infinite variety of characters in every hue and form; but while we can say of Shakespeare, that the benefits he has conferred on the human race are incalculable, we can only affirm of Scott that he affords healthy, pure, and inexhaustible amusement. Both unite to their far-reaching intellects, sound practical judgment, and strong understandings; both have at their command a wondrous wealth of imaginative resources; but, after all, and considered *essentially*, at what a vast height the soul-seeing Shakespeare stands above Scott! Shakespeare combines the ideal with the practical, philosophy with life—but Scott is exclusively practical: Shakespeare has a profound sympathy with nature, knowing that in some mysterious relation she is indissolubly connected with the soul, and one with man—Scott loves nature for its external worth, for its ministration to the senses: Shakespeare deals with the great problem of the soul's life—Scott with the outward and visible aspects of every-day existence: Shakespeare fathoms the depths of passion—Scott is occupied with its manifestation in character: Shakespeare represents MAN as he is in the secret chambers of his being—Scott makes man but an instrument to body forth a particular class of incidents and historical events.

With this rapid glance at Scott, and merely observing that he had a host of imitators, and that the historical romance became the rage, we come to the next school, founded by Theodore Hook—the "genteel" school, the novel of the *beau monde*. The vigorous delineations of Scott were superseded by the namby-pambyisms, and the vapid inanity of fashionable life. Hook is thoroughly acquainted with the habits and manners of the aristocracy, and panders to the bad taste of his patrons. He is clever, sarcastic, and witty, but he is a flunkey. High life is adulated, and society is composed of fops and puppies. Hook is the most servile of novelists, having a contemptible disgust for the "lower orders," and as contemptible a sycophancy for titles, and wines, and good dinners.

When this literature of dandyism had become distasteful, and public taste required something altogether purer in style, higher, elevating, and noble in purpose—something which would not attract by its smartness (like Hook) or satiate by its over-wrought classic polish and brilliancy (like Bulwer), but should radiate our humanity,—Dickens appeared with the "Pickwick Papers." At once the French-pastry and silver-fork school was forgotten in the infinite humour of this marvellously comic book; at once the obsequiousness of the "genteel" novel was thrown aside for this rollicking fun and intoxicating jest. The dinners of Theodore Hook, and the contemptible littleness that laughed at Bloomsbury Square parties, found their proper low level, and everybody was delighted with these quizzing, pathetic, and satirical papers. Bulwer, with his piquaney

and finish, was displaced by Dickens, with his hearty irresistible mirth, his manly tenderness, his spirit of goodness, his intense sympathy with humanity. What stern stoic could withstand the comic vagaries of Sam Weller? What grave seignior could maintain his equilibrium at the laughable adventures of Mr. Pickwick? What sober judge could successfully do battle with the necessity of breaking out into uncontrollable laughter in the immortal trial of Bardell *versus* Pickwick? What resolute seriousness could be undisturbed in the midst of Bob Sawyers's party? What commotions in the region of the risible faculty could be suppressed in the famous uproar in the Pickwickian club? So rich is the exuberant humour, so ludicrous are the exhibitions of the follies of human nature, so broad is the farce, that, were there no other good to be had from them, we would recommend the reading of the "Pickwick Papers" as an effectual and speedy remedy for melancholy, creating, as they do, resistless floods of laughter, and giving buoyancy to the spirits. The effect of this overflowing, frolicsome humour, this keen and healthy satire, this kindly genial spirit, was wonderful. The "Edinburgh Review" (Vol. 68) remarked at the time: "Mr. Charles Dickens is the most popular writer of his day. Since the publication of the poems and novels of Sir Walter Scott, there has been no work, the circulation of which has approached that of the 'Pickwick Papers.' Thirty thousand copies of it are said to have been sold. It has been dramatized by several hands, and played in sundry London theatres. No sooner has its genuine successor, 'Nicholas Nickleby,' by the same author, made its appearance in monthly numbers, than it is published on the continent, translated into German." The "Quarterly" says (Vol. 59): "In less than six months from the appearance of the first number of the 'Pickwick Papers,' the whole reading public were talking about them; the names of Winkle, Wardell, Weller, Snodgrass, Dodson and Fogg, had become familiar in our mouths as household terms; and Mr. Dickens was the grand object of interest to the whole tribe of 'Leo-hunters' male and female, of the metropolis. Nay, Pickwick chintzes figured in linendraper's windows, and Weller corduroys in breeches-makers' advertisements; Boz cabs might be seen rattling through the streets, and the portrait of the author of 'Pelham' or 'Crichton' was scraped down or pasted over to make room for that of the new popular favourite in the omnibuses. This is only to be accounted for on the supposition that a fresh vein of humour had been opened; that a new and decidedly original genius had sprung up; and the most cursory reference to preceding English writers of the comic order will show, that, in his own peculiar walk, Mr. Dickens is not simply the most distinguished, but the first."

## SELFISHNESS.

BY ZENO.

"As I walked by myself, I said to myself,  
And myself then said to me,  
Look to thyself, take care of thyself  
For nobody *cares* for thee."

"O wud some pow'r the giftie gi'e us  
To see ourself as ithers see us."

BURNS.

SELFISHNESS is, we believe, usually conceded as the peculiar attribute of the sterner sex. It may be so; yet is a woman, we grieve to write it, indisputably the most selfish person of our acquaintance. Perhaps it is ever thus—whether in vice or virtue—she is still pre-eminent in the line adopted, whatever that may be. 'Tis the women who are most outrageous in the refractory wards of our prisons and our asylums! 'tis they too who are most patient and unflinching in the horrible operations of our hospitals. 'Twas a Penelope who wove the interminable web; 'twas a Calypso who would fain entangle her sole remaining stay in other meshes; 'twas a Cleopatra who swallowed the pearls; 'twas a Cornelia who displayed *her* jewels; 'twas a Jezebel who was "cursed" as a murderer, a Jael who was "blessed" as a deliverer; 'twas a Rebekah who was a deceiver, a Deborah who was a judge; and with reverence be it spoken, if 'twas through the instrumentality of an Eve that a world was destroyed, 'twas through that of a Mary it was redeemed!

Whether, however, the vice be of the masculine or feminine gender matters but little; it is one that is running rampant in either sex, and in all classes of society; cropping out indifferently from under the jerkin of the peasant as the ermine of the peer, latent equally 'neath the cloak of "*the men*" of Caithness as under the blouse of the miners of Cornwall. Physiologists are wont to assert that the fearful increase during the last few years of heart complaints, and all nervous diseases, is attributable almost entirely to the incessant railway travelling, and the imperceptible necessity for being always in time it involves! Could not moralists give us an equally cogent reason for a not lesser social inconvenience? one too that every one feels, but which almost every one adds their mite to increase? Let any one ask himself fairly and honestly, of all the people he knows, how many are unselfish, how many would go out of their way to serve him, how many would prefer his pleasure to their own convenience? And yet is the sum of human happiness much decreased by a system which is formed and carried out solely with a view to happiness!

We remember once hearing a clergyman insist strongly that it was impossible to dislike a person you once thoroughly knew, but he forgot that unhappily it is also impossible to know a person thoroughly whom you dislike! Yet was he right, for this very dislike we suspect proceeds from a lack of sympathy which prevents our seeing anything but what offends our tastes or our prejudices. Smother the dislike, overcome the prejudice, in other words get rid of your selfishness, and as a penance if you will, dear reader, do that person a kindness, and you will find how much more kindly disposed you feel towards him, though the help may have been never so trivial! and of this as of other things it is true that "*L'appetit vient en mangeant.*" Yet does the world go on, and we know the thoughts, wishes, hopes, and fears of those in the same house, perhaps bearing the same name with ourselves, about as well as those of our fellow-travellers in the train this morning, perhaps even less. Not long ago we were coming down from the mighty Babylon, and were quietly composing ourselves to sleep, when a young man made a fourth in our carriage. He might have numbered some twenty summers, though the smoothness of both chin and cheeks would rather contradict the assumption; but no sooner was he seated, than the most terrible sighs escaped him; then he hastily divested himself of both hat and gloves, and, covering his eyes with his hands, sighed more and more heavily. When at length he removed them, we saw—shame on his incipient manhood—that the poor eyes were suffused with tears! Presently, in a sort of frenzy, he took two letters from his pocket, one in a large business like envelope, the other in a smaller one; the latter he looked at for some few seconds, and then laying it tenderly on his knee, smoothed it fondly; the former he opened and glancing hastily at its contents, of which, however, he seemed fully aware, uttered an exclamation of disgust, crunched it angrily in his palm, and thrust it into an outer receptacle, while its companion was restored to his (breast) pocket! Then his sighs, interrupted for a while, broke forth again till he well nigh out-sobbed the huge monster that was whirling us along. At length comfort of some sort seemed imperative, and from that innermost sanctum emerged a card-case, which having opened, he proceeded very carefully to pick asunder two cards without removing them. Poor youth! a fond look came over his face as he gazed wistfully at the object disclosed; then again his eyes filled with tears, and once more heavy sighs followed. We could not but pity him, at the same time that we speculated whether it were not *self* alone he pitied. The paper may have been harsh, granted that the much offending, and i'faith much troubled letter was a very model of overbearing tyranny, yet to him he had done his worst. Were the youth's sighs heaved for his own sorrow, or was he thinking of how at that moment the poor girl might be suffering from harsh comments, and chilling want of sympathy, and how certainly those sufferings would be increased were it known she had endeavoured to soothe his with that letter and that lock of hair?

We have all probably suffered from that love of self which is exhibited by sitting close to the fire, to the utter exclusion of the other inmates of the room! by having the door wide open upon you if you happen to have a severe cold, or by turning and re-turning the newspaper if suffering from a nervous headache! We all know what it is to have a scolding filtered through us, when the subject of wrath is too formidable to be attacked except by proxy; and possibly but few among us are altogether ignorant of that refinement of the vice, which takes pleasure in making you repeat all you have said, purposely overlooking the very palpable fact, that if it is not worth their while to listen in the first instance, it cannot be worth yours to repeat in the second! And some of us could perhaps tell of more than one three-tail'd bashaw, who *will* read the papers out loud, and make angry comments as he passes, to the manifest inconvenience of his wife and daughters, who are, however, far too much awed by the domestic tyrant to do aught but resign their book and smile! This is a class of people who always become grandiloquent on No. 1. "They love themselves, and have no rival." You may yesterday have seen them in a towering rage: dear reader, 'twas but "just indignation." You may have observed their faces livid with ungovernable passion: it was only "vehemence;" or heard most unchristian sentiments clothed in most startling phraseology: but you mistake greatly if you think it anything but "righteous wrath!" And why should they not? Half the world take the other half at their own valuation, and permit them "to stand godfathers to their own vices, and give them the names of virtues." Who has not observed how many women pass for beauties without figure or feature? how many men are considered to have something in them, though nothing comes out? or are reputed clever when only cynical, because they have adroitly intimated, perhaps only by manner, their own conviction that it is so?

We have often been astonished to observe what a thriving trade in the main, legacy hunting is. To lookers-on the game may be only too disgustingly apparent, but the unhappy patient seems utterly blind or utterly stupid, and like a bird fascinated by a snake, ends by being victimized. It is only to be accounted for, we think, by being one phase of selfishness pitted against another—the love of adulation and the love of self. And there are yet meaner ways in which we have seen it exhibit itself. We have heard young ladies by the dozen, themselves trembling on the verge, deny that some very handsome girl is the "least good-looking," while they rave about the "beauty" of an undoubtedly plain one. And there is another and more intricate phase still, betrayed by either sex, in an extraordinary jealousy of *ci-devant* admirers if married, or of their spouses. There seems a sort of dog-in-the-manger craving for what would be useless to them, for what they even perhaps knowingly throw away. We have known a lady under these circumstances dig up a vile and long-forgotten scandal respecting the fair fame of the present partner of her once affianced Harry, and a gentleman in the same predicament make



crafty and well-chosen allusions to the mature age, false teeth, want of hair, etc. etc., of his successor in the affections of the blooming and once dear Annette. But we never heard a single disparaging remark if, on the contrary, the other party remained *unmarried*; the supposition, shall we say the hope, evidently being, that they will go to their grave a sorrowing mourner over "things that might have been," loving better the ashes of an extinct volcano than the flames of a living one. And so a sort of right of proprietorship is kept up, a vanity-soothing feeling of latent power maintained.

As we write there comes across us a vision of a lovely girl bent on throwing herself away on a handsome penniless *roué*, who, however, was supposed to have at least the merit of being sincerely attached to her. It was before the "no cards" days, and we duly received hers. Many years afterwards we saw her again. She had, in the interim, been separated from and re-united to her husband more than once, and was then living with six little children, whom she was trying hard to bring up decently on a very small income, allowing him a large margin for his extravagances. We watched her thousand little ways of saving, and his of spending; but even so were annoyed one day at his coolly accepting one of her many acts of self-denial, not only thanklessly, but as a kind of incense offered at a worthy shrine with the remark, "The best is good enough for me." It is no uncommon thing we have been told, in a hunting country, for the master of the house to have three, four, and five horses for his sole use, while his wife had none; and we have heard of one case in which the lady's brother, pitying her forlorn state, sent her a horse, which was *immediately appropriated for a hack*; and of another, when a beautiful Arab having been presented to the wife, the husband took care it should be fed so high as to make it *unfit for any use but his own*! And we have heard a legend of a nobly-born and gently nurtured girl, who, after a fortnight's matrimony was compelled to clean the shoes of her lord and *master*.

It is a curious thing too, to observe how selfishness will result in totally opposite modes of action, according to the soil where it flourishes. It will subdue grief, and it will keep it alive. We have heard of a fitting and beautiful companion picture to the renowned widow of Eelpie Island, in a lady who, while bemoaning her sudden bereavement, could stay her despairing cries to ask for the keys of the half hour old corpse! And, on the other hand, we know a man who gave the children of his second wife the names of the brothers and sisters of his first, (whom they were duly taught to call uncle and aunt!) and another who having lost his first love, but in due time consoled himself, called *all* his daughters after her.

But we do not know a more unfailing sign of the vice than love of power. That Mary Smith must have been an essentially selfish woman who immortalized herself in the census return by entering her own name as the householder, and that of her husband as "John Smith, the man

that turns the mangle." The fullest and grandest development of the love of power is, we have often thought, the wide-spreading existence of so mighty engines as the monastic orders—the Jesuits—the Cistercians. We remember once being amused, sadly enough, by a number of an order of the latter body. We were one of a party who had been shown over a monastery, and the last thing to be seen a few yards from the Chapel was a Calvary. The Crucifix was on a mount piled high with rugged stones, and reached by most painfully rugged steps. We, however, climbed up with comparative ease; but, in returning, a stone became displaced, and a lady of the party slipped. Our *cicerone* was next to her; the instinct of the man and the gentleman prompted him immediately to extend his hand in assistance, the vows of the monk compelled him yet more quickly to withdraw it! And we thought "the Founder of the Order was La Trappe."

Time, however, and space alike warn us to conclude, and it is well! The more we dwell upon it, the more inexhaustible does the subject appear; and we, who have often smiled at Uncle Roland's Herculean labour in his "History of Human Error," find ourselves overwhelmed by the self-imposed task of illustrating the one page we have stolen from his pondrous tomes.

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## PHOTOGRAPHS OF FAMILIAR FACES.

BY A FEMALE PHOTOGRAPHER.

### THE FAST YOUNG LADY.

I AM not about to preach a crusade against the military high-heeled boots, the mariner's hat (which by the bye is to give way to the *postilion's* hat this summer), or the pilot looking paletots with huge buttons, in which the fairer portion of humanity delight to disguise themselves. The boots are, to be sure, clattering, and suggestive rather of the approach of a dragoon than of a fairy step or the poetry of motion;—still they are more sensible than the thin-soled shoes that have been the death of many a delicately constituted fair one—the hat is better calculated to shade the countenance than those bold-faced bonnets of the “come and kiss me” school, which preceded their introduction; while the pilot jacket may put in a plea for “comfort in a storm,” which the advertisements have never ceased harping upon. Still, as an impartial photographer of the manners of the day, I must needs confess that these and other items, each and all combined, have produced that hybrid creature called a fast young lady.

Though the French proverb maintains that *l'habit ne fait pas le moine*, it is astonishing how much dress influences, if not our characters, at least our manners. Fair reader, when you are attired in a shabby dress, and a bonnet that has seen better days, do you feel half the woman you are when elegantly attired in a silk gown and rice straw bonnet? No! you feel sheepish in the first instance, and as though you would like to hide your identity; while in the second hypothesis, viz., encased in the elegant costume, you feel ready, like a soldier under arms, to face the whole world, and to step into the presence of royalty if requisite.

Well then, having established this fact, I maintain that the influence of costume has told upon the rising generation of young ladies. Girls used to wish to be thought modest and retiring, and following the principle laid down by the poet, “Affect a virtue if you have it not,” tried to put on the appearance of being so, when nature had denied them the genuine article. But now-a-days, girls prefer affecting the cavalier style, march with flying colours into the Reading-room of the British Museum with a rustling of silk and steel that causes all the male occupants of seats to turn round their heads, sail through picture galleries, ignoring the presence of the artists who may be at work, and look boldly in the face of every man they meet in the streets, as much as to say: “I don't care a pinch of snuff for you—that I don't!” and stare all foreigners especially, out of countenance. Indeed, I have seen specimens of this latter unwomanly rudeness at the International Exhibition, on the part of fast young ladies, which must have disseminated a notion amongst visitors

from all quarters of the globe, that English modesty has become a rather scarce article in the world's fair. I was frequently tempted to remind these unblushing young ladies, that "a man's a man for a' that," though he may be a Turk or a Mexican. No wonder severe remarks were made at the time by foreign journalists. Fast young ladies, being taken as the average sample of the nation, brought their countrywomen into discredit.

If fastness progresses, as it has hitherto done, in an increased ratio, Punch's unprotected female will be a myth in the next generation. Whereas *Jemima Matilda* used to think it pretty to exhibit on every occasion her need of the strong arm of the braver sex, to shriek at any fancied danger, and display an interesting dash of the sentimental, together with a propensity to the clinging and womanish style—*Fanny Boldface* of our improved times, disclaims all male protection, and can travel better, she declares, unimpeded by that useless lumber—a male companion. She ensconces herself in a railway-carriage, putting up her feet on the opposite seat, to show her independent spirit—laughs all sentiment to scorn, and is hail fellow well met with young men, just like one of themselves. No nonsense about flirtation—for can't she smoke a cigar like the best of them? can't she talk of horses and dogs, and leap a five-barred gate? and is not she a capital shot? Yes, your fast young lady can do each of these things—nay more, she will bear with unflinching stoicism the telescope indiscreet Cockneys level at her, when she is disporting like a nymph in the sea, at some fashionable bathing-place, being equally ready to take a look in turn through her opera glass, at the Toms and Harrys of her acquaintance, when they turn tritons for the special entertainment of herself and companions.

The fast young lady puts herself above all prejudices. It rather amuses her to be taken now and then for *Traviata*. She delights in shocking sober matrons and well behaved young persons—in short her whole behaviour bears the same proportion to that of a well bred girl, that slang does to polite language, or paste to real diamonds. The fast young lady would promote the reign of women, by effacing all traces of womanhood from earth. She declares flippantly she sees no reason why women should not be generals. To fraternize more completely with the rougher sex, her costume makes daily greater encroachments on the garments of the male half of the community. The *Nell Gwynn* hat, which was really picturesque, calling up collections of Rubens' *Chapeau de Poil*, was discarded for the hideous pork-pies, which gave way to the more masculine mariner's hat, that imparts a hard, vulgar look to all but very pretty faces. Then we have cravats, and standing up collars, and cuffs in imitation of a man's shirt, besides the popular *Garibaldi*s—what next shall we have? I advise fast young ladies to turn to the "*Spectator*," No. 104, in which they will see that, at the time our great great grandmothers had reached the height of a similar mania for male attire, the sly chronicler of the follies of his day, advises them to put the finishing stroke to the metamorphosis, and take to inexpressibles altogether.

But then, the crinolines? Ay—what girl would not rather lay down her life, than give up the encumbrance of that hideous appendage which takes away all grace and elegance of figure, rendering the *tournure* of a girl of sixteen undistinguishable from that of a woman of sixty? It adds so to one's importance to monopolize half the pavement—to fill a carriage with one's single self, and to serve as a peg whereon to hang so many breadths of silk! For of course a fast young lady cannot be content with a crinoline such as those worn in Paris. If the latter were, say ten yards in circumference, her's must be twenty at least. Think of the intense absurdity of dancing a polka under such aggravating circumstances! Yet these crinolines intended to strike admiration into the beholder, are terrible eyesores to the sex they are supposed to captivate. Practical young men of small incomes, calculate that a wife encased in one of these formidable bastions, must consume three times the quantity of silk, velvet, and muslin per annum, to what was required before their introduction, and wisely postpone a proposal till the fashion shall have passed away. As to walking arm and arm with a pretty girl, and snatching a favourable opportunity for whispering those words on which the future happiness of both may depend—that is quite out of the question, seeing the state of circumvallation in which the fast young lady entrenches herself. In the name of common sense and consistency, if young ladies will be so masculine in other respects, let them reduce the size of this preposterous hencoop—and I'll not quarrel with them if they adopt the golden-headed stick which court ladies sported last year at Fontainebleau, and which would at least be in keeping with their semi-male attire.

The fast young lady may be admired, or even liked while she is still youthful—but girls! take my word for it, prudent men do not care to marry a fast young lady—and when she begins to verge upon thirty, all the “fastness” that might appear droll or charmingly wayward at twenty, will degenerate into hardness—both hardness of mind and hardness of feature—for the face takes its impress from the mind. She is booked for an old maid, and must turn strong-minded to hide her disappointment. Certain am I that the growing distaste for marriage amongst young men is mainly attributable to the fast propensities of young ladies. Let them be what nature meant them for—gentle, winning creatures, not bundles of crinoline, walking like grenadiers, and throwing defying looks on the passers by, and the young men now scared away by these semi-masculine damsels, will return to their allegiance. Let men be men, and women be women, say we. It is not necessary to be silly, or dependant, or helpless, to be womanly. We venerate a Florence Nightingale, and are deeply indebted to the moral courage of an Elizabeth Black; we esteem the woman who can earn her own livelihood, and are convinced that there ought to be and, before long, must be a far wider field for the exercise of female talent than the narrow-minded are willing to admit; but the masculine affectations of the fast school are odious, and we repeat that no man of taste ever yet married a fast woman.

## THE BYRONIAN YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

LORD BYRON has a deal to answer for ! He is the high priest of the *blasé* school. Not but what there were "used up" men long before his time—but then they did not exactly flaunt about with the badge of their state affixed to their button hole. The Byronian epidemic generally attacks beardless youths, and lasts till about the age of thirty. The Byronian young gentleman at eighteen is sick of the world. He has seen so much of life, that he thoroughly despises his fellow-men—and as to women ! he is so utterly convinced of their being every one of them heartless flirts and jilts, that he is determined to become an old bachelor ! If he goes to a ball, "at the intercession of friends" mind you, he will not dance, especially if a partner is wanted to complete the second set in the back drawing-room. He hates dancing ; music he only tolerates on a lake by moonlight. He has never seen a lake, you must observe, except that of Enghien near Paris, hitherto the *ultima thule* of his travels. But he wishes to be thought to have travelled. He has "crammed" himself on the subject of Oriental scenery and manners, so as to have deceived one country gentleman, and one enthusiastic girl into the belief that he had actually seen the pyramids otherwise than on canvass—but to be sure it was only in a five minutes' conversation.

The Byronian young gentleman of course effects singularity in trifles. He refuses sugar to his coffee, though it nearly causes him to make a wry face. As a general rule, he does everything he dislikes doing, and does *not* do anything he wishes to do—all to prove his misanthropy. He is the one disagreeable and unwilling member of a pic-nic party—disobliging on principle, and of course never amused by anything or anybody.

"I wonder what you *would* like, Mr. Hieronymus Highflyer !" says a lady.

The Byronian young gentleman dashes aside his curls, looks up as if about to snort like the war horse, and replies : "To gallop across the desert, in the midst of a Simoom ;" or perhaps : "To scale the haunts of the eagle, and look down on the nether world, when man appears but the insignificant pigmy that he is !"

O Hieronymus what pigmy can be littler than yourself ?

Besides these anti-social qualifications, he is of course a sceptic—and scoffs at sober people for believing in anything at all. He has been betrayed by his best friend (some Etonian who robbed him of his marbles most likely) and abhors life. To him the most delightful state, next to the gallop through the desert, would be the repose of the grave. His family begin to feel distressed about him. What is to cure this morbid state ?—Why, take no notice of it. Perhaps the water cure might do some good, if appli d in the form of a shower bath, but an attorney's office, or a merchant's counting house, is still more effectual. Above all don't (we appeal in particular to you, his lady mother) be for ever saying you "wonder what ails the dear boy !" and you "wish he could feel happier," or "that



he were more like the rest of the world"—that is only nursing, with the sort of flattery he best likes, the very disease which must always be treated on the principle of "give it plenty of rope and it will hang itself." Yes—that will be the case if you are wise; and the recipe will be considerably improved, by inviting his pretty cousin Lucy to spend some few weeks at your house, especially if you are living or staying in the country.

But you will object: "Lucy is as gay as a lark, and as playful as a kitten, and would never sympathize with the dear boy!" So much the better. She will rattle him out of his apathy, and he will declare her a bore, and swear "that girl will be the death of him." Next he will grow to like her incessant contradiction, as offering food for his sarcastico-misanthropical remarks—that will be the second phase. Then he will begin to find out she is pretty, and think it a pity she is not of an impassioned nature like Haidee—third phase! Then he'll write verses on what Lucy might have been—fourth phase. Then he'll make desperate love to her, and provided you thwart him adroitly, will run away with her to get married and surprise the world, who takes this fifth phase as a matter of course—and, sixth and last phase, will settle down into a quiet married man, and the cure of the Byronian disease is effected.

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## CURIOUS ACCIDENTS.\*

### THE TOAD.

WHEN Dr. D., an Irishman, visited England for the first time, he mentioned in conversation with an acquaintance in London, the well-known fact that there are no toads in Ireland, adding that he had a curiosity to see one. "Well," said the other, "on such and such a day, when you are to dine with me, you shall see one; for I have a garden a little way out of town from which I am supplied with vegetables, and a toad shall be brought carefully packed up in a basket." When Dr. D. came to dinner, on the appointed day, he was told the toad had arrived safe and well, the day before, and was placed in a back yard. While Dr. D. was gazing at it (no one having touched it), it suddenly turned on its back and died. A fanciful person might have said that the sight of an Irishman was fatal to a toad.

### THE SNIPE.

Two Oxford men were taking a walk in the country; and as they crossed a piece of swampy ground, a snipe rose near them. They both "presented" their walking sticks at the bird, remarking what a "pretty shot" it would have been for a gun. The snipe flew on a short distance, then towered, and fell dead. When examined, the bird was found to be apparently uninjured; but a close examination discovered the trace of a former injury, which had led to the rupture of a blood-vessel. If, instead of a walking stick, a gun had been presented and discharged at the bird, no one would have ventured to doubt that the death of the bird was due to the gun.

### THE TWO NOS. 20 IN WAPPING.

Upon the death of a seaman, some money became payable to his widow, Elizabeth Smith, No. 20 of a certain street (say "King Street, Wapping). The Government Agent called at 20 King Street, and finding that Elizabeth Smith lived there, paid the money without further inquiry. Subsequently, the true widow, Elizabeth Smith, turned up: and it was then discovered that, at the very time the money was paid, the street was being *re-numbered*, and that there were *two* houses numbered 20; and what was most remarkable, there was an Elizabeth Smith living in each of them.

\* Some of the above instances were commented upon in "*Notes and Queries*," a few years ago.

## ANNABEL LOVELACE.

## A STORY THAT MAY BE TRUE.

BY H. KAINS JACKSON.

*(Continued from Page 270.)*

## CHAPTER II.

## THE PULFILMENT OF FATE.

THE following scene was taking place in a darkened chamber far away from Rochester Hall. Listen, it is the voice of Berthorpe!

\* \* \* \*

"A little lower, a little nearer."

The English Sister of Mercy, with one arm supporting a dying man, placed her head close to his lips.

"Can you hear me?" he asked—"I feel I am dying."

She made an assenting sign.

"Let the medal round my neck be buried with me. Pray for me; and say in the last prayers I shall hear, that the portrait of—of Annabel Lovelace—will rest with me—on my heart—in the grave." Then a pulse of delirium ran through his thoughts, and he asked with solemn earnestness: "Do the fixed stars move?—do they bury the fixed stars?—will they bury the living with the dead?—I keep my place in the heavens. The fixed star of love shines—it lights—the Night of Death!"

The Sister of Mercy held up her pocket Bible before the eyes that were filming over with death.

The tongue could no longer move, and yet there was a sign in his face—something was wanted to be done—the eyes remained fixed on The Book, but the lips moved tremulously.

The clever, sensitive nurse made a guess; she passed the Bible under the ribbon which held the miniature, and managed to bring the likeness up till it rested on the page. Then a perceptible satisfaction relaxed the soldier's features, they settled into composure; a moment more and it was the composure of death. In the room there was but one living being, the Sister of Mercy. The eyes she closed were the eyes of Major Berthorpe: he had been stricken down with fever at the last, within a few days of the time when he should have returned to England. A soldier's anxiety for his men in field and hospital; a soldier's interest in the issue of the protracted siege, and constant exposure to the terrible climate did, what all the other chances of battle had left undone: an attack of fever came and mastered the efforts of his weakened constitution; there was no check to its progress, and within a week from the day Lieut.-Colonel Berthorpe was

actively doing his duty, the scene just described took place. No intimation even of illness had been sent home.

There was a crowd of officers outside the room, although half-a-dozen doctors had pronounced a change hopeless. At his own request he had been left alone with the Sister of Mercy, who now has just clasped the Bible on the miniature: she lifts over the marble head a ribbon guard, and then kneeling at the bedside, she rises after repeating a short prayer, covers over the face, and leaves the room, passing between the throng of friends, silent as herself, in the presence of such an overwhelming personal calamity—a calamity at which half of the English army covered their hearts with mourning, as at a later day, their Indian comrades put on mourning for the death of General Havelock.

"Bury him in English ground," was the universal wish, but even this feeling could not be indulged, and where General Cathcart, and the other heroic victims of the campaign, sanctify foreign soil, Lieut.-Colonel Berthorpe was buried two days after his death. The gold star, with its motto "I change not," rested on his bosom, and a woman's tears fell when it was placed there. The portrait of Annabel Lovelace was buried with him, as one of the Sisters of Mercy knew. One other will know it in the fulness of time, and only one—Annabel Lovelace herself.

The funeral had been attended by all the pomp that military ceremony can bestow, and the event was referred to in the despatches home of the Commander-in-chief. In two days after its arrival in London, the English newspapers had an account in their columns of Berthorpe's death; and those papers have just arrived at Rochester Hall.

Mrs. March had some engagement which kept her closely to her own room—she was examining several gay patterns which had been sent from London. Annabel had left the breakfast table for a ramble in the garden and park. The papers this morning came first into Colonel March's hands. He unfolded them in the way we turn the few last pages of a book when the crisis has been past, and we only read on to learn how the novelist disposes of his minor characters. The Crimean war was ended. And it is only as an idle and incurious man Colonel March looks over the news of the day, and reads as under:—

*"Death of a distinguished Crimean officer.*—A general feeling of melancholy pervades the British camp, owing to the sudden death from fever of one of the most brilliant officers in Her Majesty's service. Lieut.-Colonel Berthorpe has just died; he had passed through the many dangers of the campaign, including the attack upon the Redan, without receiving a single wound, and was a meritorious officer, greatly beloved by the men of his own regiment. His name has been mentioned in several despatches for conspicuous gallantry in the field, and his loss casts a gloom over all our spirits. He never rallied from the first attack, and we must reckon him as one of the martyrs to the home management which did not completely break down until it had ruined the constitutions of many of our best men, such as Berthorpe," etc. etc.

On first reading this portion of the letter Colonel March felt stupified; rubbed his eyes as does one who cannot see plainly; then he re-read it; then he turned to the official despatch, and saw in fewer words, the same

terrible news—and then he laid down the journal, gave his mind a few seconds of time, and at the end of those few seconds, and not till then, did Colonel March really fully understand the import of the words he had been reading. The news had stunned his understanding, as a sudden discharge of cannon stuns the physical senses. Berthorpe dead? why he would be in this house in a few weeks' time! Dead of fever, dead? The Colonel did not re-read the news; he knew his eyes had not deceived him, he had realized the truth; Berthorpe was dead, and the gallant Colonel March sat straight in his easy chair, and looked before him at the great fact of death, and his gaze seemed fascinated with terror. He could not turn it away from Major Berthorpe lying dead in the Crimea; that object was ghastly enough, but to turn the sight away was still more terrible, for it was to fix it upon the living, the beautiful, the happy girl, Annabel Lovelace; and brave man as he was, Colonel March could not, even in thought, do that.

His wife briskly entered the room; she had some three or four letters for post in her hand, letters about those London patterns, and she asked cheerfully: "Have you any letters to send with these by the day mail?" As she finished the question, she looked at her husband.

"He is in a fit," she thought, as she ran towards him—she stooped forward and looked closely in the old man's face.

At that moment it first relaxed from a rigid, stony stare; a twitching at the corners of the mouth, a hardly wrung tear starting in the eyes next betrayed the presence of sensibility and grief; and then, recovering the use of speech and a control of his feelings, he said:

"Margaret, trouble has come to our house this morning—trouble as hard to see as to bear."

But Margaret had not recovered her terror and surprise, and the only shape in which she could then see trouble was in that madness the words, sensible enough as words, implied—she sat herself down close to her husband, took his hand, and then noticed the paper at his feet: she caught it up.

"Yes," said the Colonel, "you are right; the news is there. Where is—Annabel?"

"Out in the park! What has happened? Is the Major home?"

"Home? yes, poor fellow, he has gone home—to his grave. He is dead, Margaret."

And then, together, the two read the news; the truth was clear to them both—to the woman at the first glance, to the veteran now that he could talk of it. "How can we keep it from her, for a little time," asked the Colonel—all thoughts, but the thought of Annabel, were secondary.

"She must know it," replied Margaret, "she must be told, if the news kills her; before the day's out she would hear it."

"Will you see her, Margaret?"

"Let us send for her; let us both speak to her. Trouble has indeed come into this house."

"I would rather give up the rest of my life at once, than live and see her young life trodden out by this brutal suddenness of fate," exclaimed the soldier who had always been prepared to hear of death from rifle ball or sabre stroke.

There was no need to send for Annabel, for looking out of the window they saw her approaching the house; the old gardener was closely following her and gossiping.

"Why I hear, Miss, from the papers, the wars are not only over, but the transports sailing home as fast as they can—at least these telegraphs say so; I hope all's true, Miss Annabel."

"Yes, all is true: the treaty of peace has been ratified, and in a few weeks some of your friends will be home again to tell you the whole story—you will have enough to gossip over for the next year."

"Ah, Miss," answered the old man with a twinkle, and if you will take no offence, I should like to ask a favour. I promised you, Miss, the Major—leastways he's now Lieut.-Colonel—would come home safe and sound."

"And what is it you have to ask?" said Annabel; for the old soldier had been an especial favourite ever since Berthorpe left her in the dog-cart.

"There are no better flowers in the country, Miss Annabel, than grow in this garden, and when you do want a bouquet of roses, I should feel hurt if you had 'em down from Covent Garden; please to order me to cut them, when you go to church with the Major—leastways, the Lieut.-Colonel."

Annabel was too happy not to be pleased with this request, so she said: "Bring me some now, and I will remember you when I want the bouquet—I shall be very glad for you to get them; you shall do so."

"God bless you, Miss. I have been a soldier since I was a boy eight years old;" and giving the lady a couple of choice flowers, the old gardener fell back, whilst Annabel walked on towards the library door, which opened on the garden.

She was just turned of three-and-twenty; she had no covering to the beautiful light hair that rippled over her high-necked morning dress, for she carried a sun-shade which she had just shut up as she came within the shadow of the house, and as she paused a moment to fix the roses in the bosom of her dress, she looked one of the loveliest and happiest creatures whom the slowly burning fires of trouble, or the lightning stroke of a great and sudden sorrow, could make wretched or destroy. But at the sight of this approaching figure, Colonel March and Margaret looked with dread and terror. Was it like the magician's phantom, whom his spells have made young and beautiful, but which nears the minute of its doom, when the youth and happiness will drop aside like masks, and the haggard despair of a lost soul take their place? Something of such a thought passed through the minds of those watchers of Annabel. O terrible secret that they held! what would they have given to cast it from them, to have buried it liked a poisoned arrow where it would never be found? No,



they could not do that ; the arrow was fitted to the string, they must bend the fatal bow, and the heart of Annabel Lovelace must be stricken—and by them—for they would be near to pour balm in the wound, if balmy amber might drop from the trees of affection. She wore a gauzy yellow Cambrie dress, and as she crossed the library threshold, her face beaming with joy at the old gardener's request, she seemed to pass like sunshine out of the garden. The breakfast parlour was next the library, a door opened from one into the other, and Annabel without pausing walked straight towards the room where she saw her sister and the Colonel. Her manners had always been quiet and stately, but now she was happy, too happy to be sedate, and she bounded with a dancing step up to the veteran, the Colonel, her second father.

He had remained to the last beside his wife, intending to speak first, as his age was likely to subdue and soften all their feelings. It is surely a great trouble when the gray-headed speak to the young and say : "Weep, child, you have cause to weep ;" and Colonel March would have said this had he spoken ; but the pre-occupation of Annabel's thoughts prevented her noticing the anxiety in his face, and she asked him gaily : "You have read the papers, what's the news?"

Colonel March turned from her happy face ; he could not bear to look on it ; he could not stay, and he walked abruptly away into the library and closed the door.

"What is the matter? is he ill, or offended?" asked the astonished Annabel.

Margaret, the sister, fifteen years older, the mother in deed and affection, braced her thoughts to the task left for her to do alone! she took Annabel by the waist and made her sit down.

"Darling," she said, "there is great trouble suddenly come to us ; we were talking of it when you came in."

"Tell it me then, dear Margaret, that I may do all I can to help you to bear it ; what can it be?"

"My poor child," and here Annabel felt loving arms about her, "it has come—it has come—through you—it is your trouble that is our trouble."

She sprung up into the air, from her seat, releasing herself from Margaret, and dashed at the papers on the table, and stood erect and rigid like a statue as she held the sheet before her.

Margaret resolutely came behind her, and passing an arm strengthened with the might of a mother's love, round the waist, she covered Annabel's eyes with the disengaged hand, and by sheer force lifted and carried her to the sofa ; then kneeling beside the prostrate girl, she said : "Listen, my child, my orphan sister, listen, and you shall know ; what you guess is true—he is dead."

And then there was absolute silence. The two mourning women were silent, not with the silence of sleep, or of the mimic death of a fainting fit, but by the positive suspension of all that had hitherto been life to

them—Annabel lying at her length on the sofa, her sister kneeling by the side with her face buried in Annabel's lap and both arms quivering round her waist.

The poor old Colonel brought in a goblet of cold water, and walked back into the library; he felt like a servant, he could minister to their wants, but he could not stay in the room.

Margaret quickly recovered her thoughts; she bathed Annabel's forehead, opened the window that looked on the garden, and then returning to the sofa, lifted up her sister's head. "Try and sit up, darling," she said.

"I can sit up," Annabel answered; "I can drink some water: give me the paper, Margaret dear."

Frightened at this calm manner, at the words that seemed the only evidence that the statue was not a statue, Mrs. March gave the water, and called for the Colonel. He came in and took a chair near the window; he could not come nearer, for there was Annabel reading the paper, reading slowly through, that awful news. The sight was horrible. Surely she was mad; there were no tears, no hysterics, no covering of that marble face, no sign from that marble heart, no shaking of the marble hand which held the newspaper—yes, she was mad; he would go for the doctor. Margaret came round to him and whispered, and he rose to leave; but now the death news had been read through, now the marble statue was at the service of Annabel's will, and she left the table where she had stood to read, and came towards the Colonel and her sister: "Come and sit with me on the sofa."

"It will break our hearts as well as yours," then first spoke the old man, and the tears coursed down his soldier's cheeks; "I have loved you as my own child."

And truly he had: the blow would not have come to Annabel, if love could have stopped it.

"I can bear it," proudly answered the plighted bride of Berthorpe, to her astonished friends; "I shall not suffer so much as you, for I shall have more to console me. Don't hide any news, I shall like to hear all; for it will be a part of memory, and memory now is all death has left me."

The effect had been quite different to what had been expected; neither Margaret nor the Colonel had looked for so sudden an acceptance of the great change in her life and hopes; yet, certainly, she had accepted the change; there was no pretence in Annabel; perhaps the conventual school at which she had been brought up had taught her to discipline her affections—perhaps her affections were less than they had believed them. However this might be, Annabel Lovelace gave her friends no trouble in her bereavement. She did not wish them to avoid the subject of Berthorpe's death; she did not make the house mourn for the mourning of her heart. If there was mourning it was lower down than her face; that was now always the same, a beautiful and cheerful face, never dismally clouded, never forgetting itself in mirth. It was the face of Annabel

Lovelace who had lost her lover in the Crimea, and who was resigned to a loss she should never forget.

\* \* \* \*

Thus the first months, and then the first years swept bye, and the master and mistress of Rochester Hall again speculated on the chances of Annabel marrying some one of the many visitors who once more became the Colonel's guests.

They had a right thus to speculate, so far as their own observation of others proved, for three out of the four girls who had come to the champagne supper, and whose lovers fell in the Crimea, were happily married, and the fourth only remained single until she had a second opportunity. Three years had passed away; a mutiny was raging in India; men had so far forgotten Sebastopol that it was seldom mentioned; the Queen had distributed the Victoria Crosses, and was the friend of the Emperor of Russia: but yet Annabel Lovelace had never since been to London; she stayed all the year at Rochester Hall, not in idleness, for she read much and worked much; she was the most cheerful visitor the poor ever had for friend and adviser.

Yet the Colonel and his wife should have remembered, before they coupled Annabel's name with marriage, the sort of disposition the several events of her life had plainly showed her to possess.

She was not a changeable girl; but then her friends thought she might marry three years after her lover had been buried *without being changeable*. When the first accounts of the terrible sickness in the troops before Sebastopol, reached England, Annabel had been one of the first to propose a staff of lady nurses should go out from England; and she would have been one, but for the world's opinion which in this solitary instance she would not face—her lover was there, and, because he was there, his mistress must stay at home. When peace came and the news of Berthorpe's death, there was no field for her services, or then surely she would at once have put on the habit of a Sister of Mercy. As it was she stayed in the country and did all that her influence and private income allowed her to do to render good and acceptable service in the cause of religion and charity. But did she ever forget where her portrait was lying?—the motto and emblem of her love? Her resignation and cheerfulness half persuaded her sister and Colonel March that she did; and as some wishes, without reasonable cause, obtain often an ascendancy over our minds, the one strongest wish of the Colonel's life shaped itself into a desire to see Annabel married.

The Harvey of earlier days, now Viscount Martel, was still single, and still anxious to marry the step-sister of Colonel March, and as time passed on, the conversation at Rochester Hall would set towards such subjects. "He'll make the girl happy," the Colonel was frequently exclaiming to Margaret, "we must get her to break through this country life and spend a season in London. You know, Madge, we are both getting old now, we are both getting old, and must see Annabel settled."

This phrase, "we are both getting old," had of late become a frequent one with the Colonel. He *was* old; he had passed seventy, and although his wife was to him comparatively a young woman, he always coupled her in his reflections—"We are both getting old, Madge."

So well did Annabel love the dear old Colonel that probably there was but one thing he could wish her to do, that she would not do, for his sake. To please him and wait upon him, she would consent to pass three months in town certainly; but the event to which he hoped such stay might lead was that one thing which Annabel Lovelace never would do. She was spared the trial of refusing it by an accident, the accident of reading a casual letter in the *Times*, when to the great joy of the Colonel she had accompanied the family to London.

"All will be right, Madge, in time; we are both getting old, but we shall live to see this girl of ours Viscountess Martel; only manage her, only manage her and the end will come—perhaps sooner than we expect."

And the end did come sooner than they expected.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Burial ground in the Crimea," were the words in a letter addressed to the editor of the *Times*, which coming under Annabel's eyes made her read on—read the whole letter. It was as follows:—

"I beg to ask a little space in your columns to make known to the officers of the Brigade of Guards who were in the Crimea that Mr. —, *an American*, is now in London. I believe I have only to do so, and to state his address is . . . . for every one of them to call upon him and leave their cards, in acknowledgement of the feeling which prompted him to take on himself the charge of the *neglected* hillside where are the graves of our comrades who fell in the Crimean Campaign," etc. etc.

The words italicized above are done so, by the writer of this story, "that may be true," to indicate the particular effect the reading of this letter produced on Annabel Lovelace.

Her imagination at one bound carried her to the grave of her lover—she saw the nettles, the stone cross out of the upright, the ragged stalks of grass that did duty for turf in that dry climate; then down, down through the cracked earth she saw the plain soldier's coffin. Nor did she stop there, but looking through the elm board her eyes fixed themselves on all that remained of the body of Major Berthorpe. Did the sight sicken her? No. She said, "*This* is Nature's own change, *this* is what her laws command, the laws of life. Is the heart shrunken, wasted, loathsome? No; over it is the fixed star, telling that heart was true when Nature failed to give it another beat. No, no, this scene is not sickening; I can look on the worm, on the ashes, on the place where the eyes should be, on the faithful hair clinging like ivy to the ruined temple of the head. O Heaven! I can bear to look on this, remembering it is not the spirit—the spirit that *is* the man, the woman: O Earth! I can bear to look on your dissolution, for it is but dust: But I do sicken, my soul is filled with loathing, at the other sight—the sight at home! The *son* is only not

forgotten; mothers yet dream of their boys sleeping on this hill-side; but here are buried lovers and brothers, and they sleep on undisturbed! The sister has allowed herself to be consoled, the brother's face no longer haunts her; perhaps she has her justification; but oh, ye mistresses, sweethearts, paramours of the present, the palpable, the visible, where do your recreant thoughts hide themselves in your egg-shell hearts? Does your hand yet do your daily service, and yet you forget who last clasped it? do your eyes show you still the faces of friends whilst you no longer remember who last looked on them? and, O lips! O arms! that still breathe the breath of summer's roses, that fold over your hearts in sleep, are the kisses and passionate embraces of parting all forgotten? Forgotten! they are such very shreds in your memories, that new ties, new friends, new lovers are about you ever; and this poor hill-side, where rest the bravest hearts of our nineteenth century soldiers, is neglected by English girls, wives, aye mothers, and left to the charitable care of a solitary American!—an alien!—a stranger!"

Raising her face from the sofa cushions in which it had been buried, she crushed up in her hand the newspaper sheet, and said:

"Now, at least, there is a mission for Annabel Lovelace! Let the world call it ostentation—yet I will do it. Let friends say it is unnecessary, childish, reproachful and pharasaical to others—yet I will do it; and the years shall be cheated of their triumph as long as one poor woman's life can shield the soldiers' graves from neglect."

Having formed a resolution that would demand the rest of her life for its execution, Annabel had early to grapple with the difficulties of her position. She admitted to herself she must not communicate her plans to her sister or the Colonel; they would never consent to them; and, as no argument they could advance would avail to change her decision, the speaking of a painful separation would be no real kindness to them. She must suffer, as she should suffer, the breaking of the only ties she had in the world, but this laceration of her feelings must not be allowed to delay the mission she had adopted. Such as her plans were, they must be carried out in secret, and she would at once set about them. Poor girl! her's was a lonely fate, a sad mission to undertake in the youth of life and beauty; "but then," she thought, "I staked my happiness on a thread that has snapped asunder, and such a thing as second happiness is not in the creed of Annabel Lovelace."

She had, as before noticed, a private income of £230 a year: it would be sufficient for her purposes, with the help of the money she had in a bank and with what her jewels would bring. These latter she set about disposing of without their being missed; and in making such other arrangements as she thought necessary, she had to go about London, and her wish to do so had been satisfactorily noticed by the intriguing Colonel, for he took it as a sign that her interest was being awakened in the events and acquaintances of the present.

"It will be as I said," he remarked to his wife; "this visit to London

is doing wonders already, and, before it is over, Annabel will have given up the dull past for the cheerful future. God bless her! I want to see her happy! We are both getting old, Madge—we must marry her next spring."

Margaret had no confidence in her sister's seeming interest in out-door affairs; she watched the face too often to believe mirth and wedding spirits would ever again brighten it.

When the following letter was received, there was no further need to speculate and hope over Annabel's future—she had made it for herself. She had left Army and Navy Square for Rochester Hall, a week earlier than the Colonel and his wife proposed to leave town themselves—they went to the station with her and arranged to follow her to the country house in a few days. The parting was a slight one, but it would be for a long time. Two nights and days were given to Rochester Hall—to visit the rooms, the haunts in park and garden. There was a new gardener, and he had made many changes; the old one had died more than a year ago, and Annabel thought of him as a friend; he was the only one who had said: "You see, Miss Annabel is not like other young ladies; when she loves, she loves; and when there's nothing left to love, she will never marry again—that's my opinion, and I knows."

There was nothing suspicious in the circumstance of Annabel's return alone. The servants knew their master and mistress were coming down in a few days; nor was it singular that the young lady should make up her mind, meanwhile, to visit a friend at Southampton; so she was able to complete her plans, and write the following long letter, which she only posted when she was on her way to step on board the mail steamer which would take her from the English shores. The writing of this letter had encouraged her during the last hours she spent at the pleasant home she was quitting for ever, for beside feeling her resolution strengthened by the arguments she used, there was comfort in thus employing her thoughts in the place for ever associated with her happiness and her lover. It was addressed to her sister.

"I am weeping, dearest Margaret, for your distress, the distress you will feel when you receive this letter and know what I have done and where I am. You will not call me ungrateful for the kindness of your life, because you will know that such a feeling could not live in your little sister's heart. In leaving you, the orphan leaves a sister and a mother; try and let this acknowledgment help you to bear your distress at our separation. And now let me explain what I have done and will do in the future. You must read, Margaret dear, a letter in the *Times* of the — inst; it is signed \* \* \* \* It told all England that *there was a place unfilled which I have taken upon myself to fill*. You will understand what I mean. My income, you know; it will be sufficient for my purpose, and by selling my trinkets I have made up the amount of ready money I had to £800. With this sum I hope to buy a garden and house, or if I can find no house conveniently near the English Cemetery, I shall



at once set about building one. The freehold and my income will be set apart, for ever, for the purposes which in my life-time I shall myself fulfil. Believe me, I shall do nothing rashly. On my arrival at Constantinople, I shall wait on the English Minister and inform him of my plans and mission. I feel sure he will assist and advise me, and I shall soon find myself comfortably settled close to the boundaries of the 'God's Acre' in which our country-men are buried. To care for and keep that holy ground will be the duty of 'Sister Annabel' the only name the world need call me. In time I hope to make this hill-slope one of the fairest gardens in the East. I intend writing a letter to be published in the same *Times* that made known the forgetfulness of the English nation. It will inform the public of the task I have undertaken, and I shall offer to execute any commissions which the mothers of soldier sons, and the friends of the dead, may wish performed, whether to plant a flower or erect a monument over those whom in life they loved. To command confidence, I trust to get our minister's permission that all money sent out may be received and accounted for by three English residents to be nominated by their ambassador. All your objections to this scheme I leave to your own heart to answer. Mine is not a project to be dismissed or approved by ordinary argument. Such as it is I shall do it with all my might; Heaven grant that my service may be acceptable; surely one solitary woman may be allowed to watch over the graves of her countrymen, without the world saying her life has been wasted. The other avenues of duty and pleasure are mostly thronged with my sisters; I have chosen a bye-path to walk through, but God is everywhere and would have His bye-paths cared for as well as the high-ways. Pray, dismiss from your thoughts any idea that I have exiled myself from England, and taken up a duty, as a cross is taken up to be borne in penance and martyrdom. I am now more cheerful than I have ever been since I was happy; I have got something to do. Whether, at home or abroad, my future would be the same; with you I could only think and when I had done thinking, think the same thoughts over again; here I can think and act; and by my act, I shall, as an Englishwoman, in some small measure serve England's honour. There is yet one more feeling I wish to mention; I do not wish to take this service wholly upon myself, and I rely, when my plans are made known, upon other sisters wishing to come and share my life and its labours; and I shall be all the happier for such companionship. Do not think we shall be devotees, we shall have no rules to prevent our going into society or receiving our friends, and the 'Sisterhood of the Past,' will always be glad to remember the present, by doing whatever good work may be done in forming schools, working for the poor, nursing the sick and helping those they can help. God bless you, my mother, my sister. I have now told you all; your tears will fall for me, but you must write and tell me they are not bitter or reproachful tears, tell me you love me, as you always have loved me, and the words will comfort and strengthen me in another country. And now that I have spoken of my-

self let me say, very gratefully to you and the Colonel, that I could hardly have borne to leave you as I have done, and certainly not, as I did at the railway station, but that I confidently expect you will, as you have the power, do me a great happiness. I cannot come to you: will you in winter seasons sometimes come and live near me? The luxuries of travel, to those who have wealth and leisure, have almost annihilated fatigue (for I do not forget my second father's age), and the journey to my new home, will scarcely be more troublesome than migrating to Cannes or Nice. Think how glad my eyes will be to see the only two living friends I love; think of this, and you will come to—Your orphaned and ever affectionate sister,

ANNABEL LOVELACE."

"Please address my letters (for we must write constantly to each other) to the ambassador's office, for the present."

The above letter was received by Margaret when she had already begun making preparations to return to Rochester Hall, for the Colonel had complained he felt London was getting dull. In fact he missed Annabel and was wishing to follow her, and he thought the fruits of one London season were satisfactory. He would ask Viscount Martel to a fortnight's shooting, and leave him to make the best of his opportunities in advancing his suit.

A servant came into the breakfast room: "If you please, sir, my mistress wishes you to see her up-stairs; she has just received a letter, and fainted away. She is now getting round again."

Colonel March followed the maid-servant to his wife's bed-room.

"Are you better now?" he asked nervously; "we must have advice, I have never known you faint before."

"It is over, and I am well again—look at this letter."

Colonel March and his lady were left alone. "Who is it from?" he asked.

"From Annabel!"

"From Annabel?"

"She is gone from us for ever. Let me read the poor child's story."

Colonel March reproached himself for thinking to give Annabel Lovelace a second lover. He listened to the letter. When it was finished he took his wife's hand: "Margaret, I have felt very old and weak the last two or three days, but write, to our girl to say, we will come as soon as she is settled—in three months' time. I must see her again before I die."

Margaret put her arms round the gray head, there were tears in her eyes, as she asked: "You pardon her for leaving you?"

The Colonel said: "I shall carry a higher sense of mortal love with me to the grave for having known Annabel Lovelace. God grant we may see her again before I die. Kiss me, Margaret!"

## The Lady's Literary Circular :

A REVIEW OF BOOKS CHIEFLY WRITTEN BY WOMEN.

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VISITATION CHARGE. By the ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN. June 1863.  
(London : Parker, Son & Bourn. Dublin : Hodges & Smith.)

RELIGIOUS pamphlets for the time being possess a literary interest which does not belong to them in less *turbulent* periods of ecclesiastical history. We use the word *turbulent* advisedly ; for not only are there wars at the present moment ranking the first intellects of the day on opposite sides, but there are also rumours of wars in the future, which is filled with threatening signs, ominous of a change coming sudden and soon. From the pulpit once the people received their creed ; they listened to its limitations, they saw the fences that kept error without the pale and lent protection to the faithful. Now, these relations are modified. Between the two covers of an ordinary looking book, we see figuratively, a pulpit in which the author stands and expounds to his congregation—the vast congregation of the reading public !—his opinions and convictions, and as they possess or eloquence and reasonableness, or speciousness and irreverence, they are accordingly accepted.

From such pulpits lately the public have heard the sermons of earnest men, who pricked on by doubt, have honestly given utterance to arguments which are sounding throughout the land ; aye and they are yet heard although a hundred other voices have broken silence and hastened, with more zeal than discretion, to answer oration with oration until even the apathetic are caught up in the storm of words and forced into attention. Such is the present position of the Church in Great Britain ; meanwhile the pulpit still keeps up the dulcet harmonies of orthodoxy, and leaves, as it should and must, the Book to be the battle ground of doctrine.

As some sort of exception to this pulpit rule, the venerable Archbishop Whately, in his charge to the Dublin clergy, speaks out directly and plainly. He acknowledges present danger in a fine simile which we quote :

“The sea is, in many places, making encroachments on the land, not greater perhaps than in past ages, but in *fresh places*, so as to require fresh embankments to resist devastation ; *the ancient sea-walls being no longer serviceable*. And there is something analogous to this in the perils and difficulties which beset the Church.”

Of the justness of this metaphor, of its poetical grandeur and truth there cannot be a second opinion, but the coincidence of a prelate, when addressing his clergy, employing a geological fact to illustrate his sermon is too significant to be passed without remark ; for are not what are termed these present encroachments the advances made by *Science* on the ancient landmarks of Christian faith ? yet so pervading is this same science that those very physical laws which a hundred years ago were barely suggested, certainly not admitted, are thus accepted and employed to explain the metaphysical encroachments of unfettered opinion. This candid course is one that might have been anticipated from the author of the "Elements of Logic." The danger, and there is danger, is boldly met ; it is not avoided nor ignored, as our readers may be sure when we refer to the "difficult" subjects which Dr. Whately includes in one brief charge extending only to twenty-seven octavo pages. These subjects are *Verbal Inspiration ; Divine authority of Scripture ; Dread of Change*, and the *Disadvantage to which an Established Church is exposed ; Religious Reactions*, and the *Authorised Version* ; upon all of which themes the Archbishop writes firmly, yet temperately, giving loving counsel to the ministers of his diocese. This spoken word is now set up in type, and, thus uttered through the mouth of print, we should wish every clergyman of the church militant to hearken. Not the authority, and that is great, but the conviction of the speaker carries the argument home, and leaves on the mind this feeling of repose—that however fresh currents run, or the waves beat, there is safety in the Ark of the Christian Church. The danger does not come disguised in a scientific Professor's academic robe, but lies concealed in the folds of that ignorance and bigotry which, unfortunately, pass for biblical conservatism. To make a physical comparison, the diamond has not lost its lustre since science has explained its composition and sparkle ; nor will the light of Christianity pale because lofty research follows truth and reveals her in all created works : albeit, such revelations may differ from accounts hitherto believed in and accepted.

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JOURNAL OF A RESIDENCE ON A GEORGIAN PLANTATION IN 1838, 1839. By FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE. (Longman & Co.)

EXPERIENCES a quarter of a century old, as related by the accomplished authoress, reveal conditions of slavery, witnessed under favourable aspects, which have been as often denied as asserted. The present history, coming from a source to which Englishmen will trust, exhibits "the hateful bondage" as a state unendurable by all Christian men and women *who are free from the prejudices of those who, brought up in Slave States, cannot be impartial judges*. Railways and the interest of commerce, bringing nations into close communication with each other, will be the ultimate means of abolishing slavery, a result which, more than ever, Mrs. Kemble's book makes us earnestly desire. The Journal is very interesting reading.

TASTE *versus* FASHIONABLE COLOURS. A Manual for Ladies on Colour in Dress. By W. and G. AUDSLEY. (Longman & Co.)

WHICH is the strongest, Woman's Vanity or Fashion? If the former and ladies wish to look well, suiting their complexions, their figure, and their individuality, then this treatise of Messrs. Audsley may be studied with pleasure and advantage; but knowing what we do of the whimsical caprices, extravagances, and tyranny of Fashion, which set at nought all things as reasonable as good taste is, we can only hope for a result which we do not expect.

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SONGS IN THE NIGHT. A Collection of Verses by the late GRACE DICKINSON. (Wertheim & Co.)

WHO has not heard of the story of the blue flower which sprang up through the prison flagstones and solaced one poor prisoner, who nursed it, watered it, wept over it, and loved it? This little volume may be called the blue-flower of Song: it sprung up in that prison of poverty, a Union workhouse, where one lonely old woman solaced her spirit with hymns and spiritual songs. "And she was a widow!" Those who buy "Songs in the Night," will so help to assist the two orphan children she has left, to whose shorn sides the world will surely temper its winds.

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THE IN-DOOR GARDENER. By MISS MALING. (Longman & Co.)

FLOWERS are refinement: at least, where refinement is, flowers grow, whether in conservatory, garret window-ledge, villa gardens, or fern case. Like light which they love, they gild the gold of opulence or adorn the the mignonette earthenware pot of poverty; so that a useful handbook, like this by Miss Maling, as to their cultivation and care, should be acceptable in thousands of homes, where flowers find a place. The value of the book to many flower-lovers is, that it will teach them how to grow three blossoms where hitherto they have grown but one, whilst it saves trouble and anxiety by at once and directly telling how to keep the nurslings thriving.

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ROMOLA. By GEORGE ELIOT. 3 Vols. (Smith, Elder, & Co.)

THE long historical novel of Florentine life which has for many months given a value to the "Cornhill Magazine," is now issued in the book form. We may pronounce it one of the highest and most successful attempts in a high branch of literature ever performed by a woman writer. It is a grand, stately, and interesting work, alive with mediæval life such as we understand it to have been at this distance from the period; and as a book we would recommend every woman who feels a pride in the genius and accomplishments of her sex, to read "Romola," and keep the story for her daughters' reading—the book is written for other generations besides to-day.

ARABIAN DAYS AND NIGHTS ; OR RAYS FROM THE EAST. By MARGUERITE  
A. POWER. (Low & Co.)

THE niece of the Countess of Blessington is a clever book-maker, and Eastern travel furnishes a good subject to a ready writer. We are not sure we have not seen some of these sketches of Egyptian life before in "All the Year Round;" but, however that may be, the descriptions of Eastern women and Harems, and the social pictures of Cairo and Alexandria, are all well drawn, in a style that Lady Mary Montague might adopt in these Dundreary days. The volume is interesting and deserves to introduce the name of Miss Power into a wider circle of readers, than her former novels and poems have yet done. "Arabian Days and Nights," besides its present interest, may claim a place on our library shelves as a work which at future times may always be consulted, for the present aspects of social life in a country where French and English customs are making some progress, and will, probably, make still greater changes.

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BOOKS FOR THE COUNTRY. A FIELD FULL OF WONDERS. By C. S.  
CHELTNAM. (Routledge, Warne, & Co.)

"BARNUM'S Life, written by himself," was an entertaining volume of impudence, with the key-note—"I am confident of success by reason of two things; my own assumption and the gullibility of a novelty-craving public." But whilst admitting the interest of Mr. Barnum's pages we confess to a disappointment in his not having adopted a means of success which the above shilling volume prompts as a last resource of either exhibitor or author. We ask why did not Barnum in one of those crises of his life, when he was driven by necessity to bring out some new invention whereby to extract current coin from his fellow-citizens, paste up posters about New York city, to the following effect:

"At \* \* \* to be seen ALIVE, of all created things THE GREATEST WONDER. Entrance, half a dollar: Exhibition commences at a quarter past 9 every evening, precisely."

Now we can readily fancy this placard would attract considerable notice from the idle and curious persons found in all large cities, and, at the appointed time, the exhibitor's room would be well filled with people who had paid their half dollars. At a quarter past nine, precisely, a bell would ring, and Mr. Barnum himself would walk in and seat himself in the centre of the platform. For awhile the audience would wait in expectation of the entrance of some hairy or feathered monster, but when their patience was exhausted they would demand of the proprietor to see the wonder they had come to stare at: whereupon Mr. Barnum would rise, advance to the edge of the platform, and with his hand on his breast, exclaim:



"Ladies and Gentlemen,—Gratify your laudable curiosity: behold in me, A MAN, the Greatest Wonder of all beings in the scale of created life!!!"

Presuming the audience would be for a few moments speechless with astonishment, at an assertion they could not logically dispute, the proprietor would add:

"And let me beg of you, ladies and gentlemen, as a favour that will personally benefit myself, when you leave this room, not to mention to friends and acquaintances how completely and successfully you have been taken in and done for."

With these words, Mr. Barnum might courteously bow and retire like an actor well satisfied with his performance of an arduous task.

In the present instance, "A Field Full of Wonders," the reader will really obtain for his shilling, that shilling's worth, in amusing matter, pretty illustrations, and a clever woodcut of country scenery for the frontispiece; but, at the same time, the author who takes one into a field, and holds up a blade of grass as a miracle (as indeed it is), and who brings under our microscopic attention, the commoners of air, of the ground and the hedgerow, as so many *wonders*, disappoints us as Barnum, in the supposed instance, disappointed his audience. In the one case, had a lecture been announced, such as Professor Owen gives, on man, and in the last case had Mr. Cheltnam entitled his little work, "Gossip about the Common Birds, Reptiles, Animals, and Insects found in a Field," then no one would reasonably complain. As it is, we have only to add, let those who wish to excite young people's interest in the dumb brute life of a field and hedgerow, place in their hands this little book, particularly if a vein of facetiousness pleases, as it does not ourselves. Fun is good, but puns and instruction together are not to our taste.

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## Our Orchestra Stall.

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JUNE 11.—HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

"*Faust*," Mr. Gounod's Opera, produced in France some four years ago, brought out at this house. Opinion is much divided as to the character of the music which some critics, competent to decide, consider a masterpiece, whilst others, representing popular feeling, rank the opera much below a first-class work. However, the capital cast and fine scenery, greatly assist the music, and the opera is successful. Perhaps it is the *story* which gives "*Faust*" its chief interest. Translations, statuettes, paintings, every year, have made the impassioned and pure *Margaret* of Goëthe, so well known to English people that we regard her as another *Juliet* in her claims on universal sympathy. As a type of character not produced in English literature, *Margaret* is better known than the heroine of any other foreign writer. "*Faust*" is a compound of the "*Eugene Aram*" of Sir Bulwer Lytton, and the "*Festus*" of Bailey. Disgusted at the bounds of all human knowledge, he is about to cast away the weed of life, when *Mephistopheles* appears and promises the fulfilment of the student's proud wishes. The old bright road of *youth* is travelled over again. *Faust* is once more young and believing, and the fiend has ready for him the one elixir of joy in the passion of love. The winning and abandonment of *Margaret*, her frenzy prompting her to destroy her child, and all the pathos of the legend, make up a capital libretto, which everybody knows before the music tells over the story.

JULY 9.—STRAND THEATRE.

"*Whilst there's Life there's Hope*," a comic drama, by Mr. John Brougham, produced. The situations grow out of the marriage of two newly married couples, to whom not uncommon events bring various predicaments which are half amusing, half pathetic; however, all parties earnestly love each other and a good genius of a widow helps husbands to a right understanding, and confidence and happiness arch over the domestic scenes. The title "*Whilst there's life there's hope*," indicates sterner sorrows than those which stir the heart in this smartly written drama.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Here Mr. Gounod's "*Faust*" is first introduced in Covent Garden, with accessories so superb, that former scenic appointments have never yet reached the present achievement. The music of the opera, which English managers have neglected for four years, is now receiving the wide recognition which a few early critics said it deserved in 1859. "*Faust*" will now be a stock piece of all European Opera Houses.

## Current History of Literary and Scientific Events.

### JUNE 1ST.—MONDAY.

*British Architects.*—Paper read "On the Principles to be observed, and the Processes to be employed in the Decoration of Churches."

*Entomological Society.*—Several specimens of Hermaphrodites exhibited. Paper read of the Entomological results of the exploring party, under Stuart, through Australia. Recommendation that the Society's Collection be discontinued, and that the Type-specimens of British Insects be placed in the British Museum.

*Royal Institution.*—Prince Louis of Hesse elected Honorary Member.

*Guild of Literature and Art.*—At a meeting this day, two irksome qualifications of membership were given up—those of life-assurance and sickness fund. Two guineas as entrance fee, and one guinea yearly, are now the terms of subscription. The building of three dwelling houses will be at once begun.

### JUNE 2D.—TUESDAY.

*Underground Rome.*—On a hill near the "Eternal City," for several ages past a ruined wall above the soil invited research. But the beckoning shades of classic times could not attract the attention of mortals engrossed with the present hour, until a few weeks since. Excavations then commenced, and a Roman villa has been unburied, a fine statue discovered, whilst the walls are still fresh with the colours of landscape painting.

*Arundel Society.*—Annual meeting.

### JUNE 3D.—WEDNESDAY.

*£1000 Prize.*—The Liverpool Exchange Committee award the first prize for the architect's design of their new Exchange to Thomas Henry Wyatt, Esq., of Great Russell Street, London; Mr. T. Wyatt is brother to Mr. Digby Wyatt. The other premiums of £250 each were awarded to Messrs. Cunningham and Audsley of Liverpool, and to Mr. Wm. Parnell of Newcastle.

*Society of Arts.*—Paper read by Mr. Hawes, "On the results of the International Exhibition." The Duke of Cambridge occupied the chair.

*Geological Society.*—A paper of great interest at the present time read, "On the Section at Moulin-Quignon, and on the peculiar character of some of the Flint Implements found there," by J. Prestwich, Esq.

### JUNE 4TH.—THURSDAY.

*Royal Academy.*—Mr. Witherington accepted the rank of Hon. Retired Academician. Mr. Partridge re-elected Professor of Anatomy, for a term of five years.

*Royal Society.*—Annual meeting for the election of Fellows.

*Society of Antiquaries.*—Paper read, "On Portraits of the Wives of King Henry the Eighth." There were many valuable prints and rare portraits exhibited in

illustration of this paper; and the original, from which the likeness of Anna Boleyn is taken at the Houses of Parliament, was shown not to be a portrait of this unfortunate lady. The publication of the "Society's Transactions" containing the discussion on this subject, will be of much interest to the public.

#### JUNE 5TH.—FRIDAY.

*Uphill work.*—The locomotives on the great Indian railway, have to pull up, the Bhore Ghaut incline railway travellers, 1832 feet, the highest elevation yet attained. The incline is  $15\frac{1}{4}$  miles long and the average gradient 1 in 46·39. We hope the locomotives employed are named after the Titans.

*Royal Institution.*—Paper read "On the Forms of the Stratified Alps of Savoy," in which the writer, Mr. Ruskin, traced the influences which had produced the present external forms. The subject afforded opportunity to the author of the "Stones of Venice," to adorn scientific details with his peculiar eloquence. Truly geology is an engrossing study in which all our foremost men are more or less engaged. A few years ago the science was considered a dry crotchety.

#### JUNE 6TH.—SATURDAY.

*The Astronomer Royal* received, at the Greenwich Observatory, the Board of Visitors from the Royal Society, and read to them his annual report. An engraved map of the grounds and buildings in their present state is in preparation. Professor Airy referred to the railway projects, of which there are three, and spoke of the means necessary to prevent the line injuring the Observatory. A detour however, is proposed, which avoids Greenwich Park and the Professor's objections.

#### JUNE 7TH.—SUNDAY.

*Florence.*—Evening festival and performance of the "Battle of Magenta," a symphony attempting, successfully, to tell the story of that fierce conflict. The populace, with banners and processions, taking part in the festival gave the demonstration a national grandeur.

#### JUNE 8TH.—MONDAY.

*Literary Pensions.*—The Civil List shows this year names which may be said to appear in their proper place. *Miss Frances Browne* gets £100 on account of her prose and poetical works, composed in spite of blindness existing from birth. The widow of *Dr. O'Donovan*, the archaeologist, £50. *Mrs. Strutt*, £70, after 58 years' literary work. £100 is given to *Mrs. Atkinson*, who accompanied her late husband through Siberia, Tartary, etc.—long journeys which exhausted the travellers' means, but greatly enlarged our knowledge of countries and people about which and whom we were very ignorant. To *Mrs. Hughes*, £100 (widow of the Greenwich Hospital schoolmaster); and, to mention only one man's name, £70 to *Gerald Massey*, in "appreciation of his services as a lyric poet sprung from the people."

#### JUNE 9TH.—TUESDAY.

*Zoological Society.*—Exhibition of the collection of Birds made by Mr. Stuart's exploring party in Australia. A new and pretty Parrot is proposed to be called *Alexandra* in honour of the Princess of Wales.

*Syro-Egyptian Society.*—Paper read, by Mr. Sharpe, "On the Age of the several portions of the Pentateuch."

#### JUNE 10TH.—WEDNESDAY.

*The Albert Memorial.*—Commemorative of the Exhibition of 1851, inaugurated in the presence of the Prince of Wales, at the Royal Horticultural Gardens. This

monument of an *Event* can now only be regarded as of secondary interest, since a *Grand Cross of Honour*, in the shape of the Nation's memorial, is about to be raised to the *Person* with whose pure fame the event will for ever be associated.

*British Archaeological Association*.—Paper read, respecting Oliver Cromwell's Mint.

*Royal Society of Literature*.—Mr. Vaux read a paper, in which he traced the knowledge the Ancients possessed of Abyssinia and the head waters of the Nile from the fifth Century B.C. to the second A.D.

#### JUNE 11TH.—THURSDAY.

*Society of Antiquaries*.—Paper read by Mr. Scharf, which identifies a portrait of the Strawberry Hill collection as the likeness of Anna Boleyn, and not of either Jane Seymour, or Catharine of Arragon, as attributed.

#### JUNE 12TH.—FRIDAY.

*Drinking Water in our Parks*.—Fresh Fountains rise up under the shady haunts of our Park trees. The latest and the best is in St. James's Park, a marble water carrier boy, on a granite pedestal, filling a vase. The work is by Mr. R. Jackson, who executed the marble Angel Drinking Fountain in the Strand, which latter though praised, is a very poor statue, and gave no indication of being the forerunner of the present really successful work. As a design selected by the Chief Commissioner of Works, it affords promise of Mr. Cowper exhibiting good taste in a department where it is much needed.

#### JUNE 13TH.—SATURDAY.

*Literary Obituary*.—We omitted to record in May, that the "*Parthenon*," alias the "*Literary Gazette*," died, at an advanced age, of "natural decay." It had been famous—in years gone by,

"When Jerdan wrote and L.E.L.  
Told tales as only she could tell."

An able man, Mr. Goodwin, one of the authors of the "*Essays and Reviews*," was its last editor.

"*The Mirror*," after four short weeks of a respectable existence, also died in May. As we prophesied when we announced its appearance, its solitary columns seemed only erected to show how the cleverest of publishers and men of business make mistakes like commoner mortals.

"*The Exchange*."—This shilling monthly financial magazine, that wrote about very large transactions, about bullion, silver mines, and other matters interesting to Rothschild, Baring, Gurney, etc., could not extract the people's shillings. Publishers find they must not put their trust in merchant princes.

#### JUNE 14TH.—SUNDAY.

#### JUNE 15TH.—MONDAY.

"*Fine Arts Quarterly Review*."—Annual subscribers, one guinea; quarterly members, six shillings. The first number published; presenting, in its royal octavo size, its yellow toned paper, and marginal luxury of width, a very prepossessing appearance. There are nineteen articles by competent authors, and a profitable career and high position may be confidently assured to this Review, if the management shall keep independent of cliques, fashionable and artistic.

#### JUNE 16TH.—TUESDAY.

*British Museum*.—The Return made to order of the House of Commons, may be compared to the annual meeting of constituents by a Radical legislator. An account of the stewardship is in both cases rendered. Thus the Report of the British Museum just issued is the only document which informs the public of

the additions made to our great national collection, during the past year, in books, natural history, antiquities, etc.; also the cost and details of management. In conclusion the House of Commons is asked to oblige the British Museum with £90,541 for the current year. This Report is of general interest.

*Statistical Society.*—Paper read "On Sufficient and Insufficient Dietaries, with especial reference to the Dietaries of Prisoners." This subject is one which legislators and public writers should understand, as much ignorant opposition would then be spared whenever the question is discussed.

#### JUNE 17TH.—WEDNESDAY.

*Grand Flower Show.*—Horticultural Gardens. Special prizes offered for the three best groups of fruits and flowers.

*Geological Society.*—The ten papers read were not of special interest. *M. Boucher de Perthes* elected Foreign correspondent.

#### JUNE 18TH.—THURSDAY.

*Sir Charles Lyell.*—The Berlin Academy of Sciences have elected this eminent geologist Chevalier of the Order of Merit in Science and Art. The English Knights of this order, are Sir John Herschell, Professors Airey, Farraday, and Owen, Sir David Brewster, Sir Henry Rawlinson, and General Sabine.

*Royal Society.*—Some dozen papers read, and the Society adjourned over vacation time.

*Numismatic Society.*—Annual meeting. Mr. W. S. W. Vaux re-elected president.

#### JUNE 19TH.—FRIDAY.

*A Book Exchange Bazaar*, has been suggested by the Rev. Francis Trench, and Messrs. Bell and Daldy propose to support the scheme, by giving space in "Notes and Queries" for books offered in exchange. This plan would ruthlessly destroy the Book-Hunter's manor; it may offer convenience, but it would scarcely be able to make such collections as independent and industrious book ferrets. We have little faith in such coalition ministries. At present, there is no difficulty in selling good, rare, or useful works, or in purchasing them at fair prices.

#### JUNE 20TH.—SATURDAY.

*International Building.*—Grand Military Concert in aid of the Cambridge Asylum.

*Paper Fibre*, of excellent quality, has been found in an Australian plant.

*English Drama* receives another *ghostly warning* of the present popular bad taste.

At the Adelphi, a piece containing a ghost is revived to introduce the last new optical trick—it is but a trick—and show the Cockneys a spectre. In the advertisement bills, all else is made secondary to the ghostly attraction, towards which all theatrical managers direct their attention. This Polytechnic ghost has made further arrangements to appear in "Hamlet" at the Lyceum; it has crossed the Channel to Paris (charging £1000 for the trouble of the journey), and appears likely to haunt the playgoer for the next twelve months. It is in the fashion like crinoline, and, like that skeleton of beauty both may be, pronounced a nuisance.

#### JUNE 21ST.—SUNDAY.

#### JUNE 22D.—MONDAY.

*Royal Geographical Society.*—Extra meeting to receive Captains Speke and Grant, on their return from Africa, and discovery of the Sources of the Nile.



*Benedicts' Annual Concert*, at St. James's Hall.

*Royal Academy*.—The Council open the Exhibition in the evening at 6d. and catalogue, 6d. This sensible step forward was taken last year, and we are glad to find it repeated. The hours are from half-past seven until half-past ten.

*Royal Society of Literature*.—Meeting of the "Shakespeare Committee," the Duke of Manchester in the chair. The result being the formation of a *National Committee* of all classes of the poet's countrymen and admirers, and embracing the members of local and special committees. London is to have a monument, and the third centenary celebration, in April 1864, will be supported by the grandest and widest demonstration ever accorded to an English poet.

#### JUNE 23D.—TUESDAY.

*Captain Speke*.—Royal Institution.—Extra evening meeting, to hear the discoverer describe the Source of the Nile. The silent Egyptian Sphinxes, upon being asked to conjugate "Speke," have at last "spoken" their secret, which is being re-echoed throughout the world, translated in divers tongues. Curious people have now one enigma less to live for; still they may take heart and go to the African deserts, which are not emptied of their confidences. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales was present at the above meeting. [\* Dr. Beke, an esteemed savant, claims to be the theoretical discoverer of the Nile-source, he having communicated a paper in 1861, to the Geographical Society, directing attention to the district where Captain Speke really found the lake which is the river's fountain-head.

*Abbeville*.—An English gentleman remaining here to observe the quarries whence the human jawbone, etc., have been excavated, concludes a long report with the opinion, despite of the late Congress, that science is being fraudulently imposed upon.

#### JUNE 24TH.—WEDNESDAY.

*Royal Botanic Society*, Regent's Park. Last Exhibition of plants, flowers, and fruits.

*Healthy Literature*.—Statistics made by Mr. W. Chambers into the character and circulation of cheap periodicals in the United Kingdom, furnish the gratifying facts, that whilst 8,043,500 monthly numbers are of a strictly improving character, there are 1,500,000 of an exciting but not immoral tendency, and only 80,000 of an objectionable nature. A dozen readers of good tidings and healthy sentiment, to one reader of evil communications.

*Florence*.—San Giovanni, the patron saint of this city, had a festival, when a beautiful new theatre, ready to be inaugurated, was laid in ruins by fire, which broke out when the audience were just arriving.

#### JUNE 25TH.—THURSDAY.

*International Building*.—Three Days' Fancy Fair, held here for the benefit of the Hospital for Incurables, when some £4000 were obtained for the charity, and evidence was given that the building is very useful and looks very pretty on some occasions.

#### JUNE 26TH.—FRIDAY.

*Shakespeare*.—Reading by Mr. Charles Kean, at St. James's Hall, for the benefit of the Commemorative Fund.

**OBITUARY**.—Sir Joshua Jebb, in his 70th year, died suddenly. His writings on, and in connection with, convict prisons, had made him, of late years, a prominent public man, and he was regarded with high respect by all political parties.

JUNE 27TH.—SATURDAY.

*Indian Observatory.*—The Rajah of Travancore has discontinued the Observatory of *Trevandrum* where many valuable scientific observations have been made during late years.

JUNE 28TH.—SUNDAY.

JUNE 29TH.—MONDAY.

*Domestic Servants.*—Meeting held at Willis's Rooms, under the presidency of the Earl of Shaftesbury. The philanthropic Earl is an earnest reformer, and is, moreover, less trammelled by conventionalities than most men—what he thinks right to support he *does* support, no matter whether the subject be *dangerous* as in the case of the Poles, or seemingly insignificant, as the present question. Watchful as we have been, in these matters, we believe any cause which has the benefit of the Earl of Shaftesbury's support will be advanced by his judgment and advocacy.

JUNE 30TH.—TUESDAY.

*Architectural Exhibition*, Conduit Street, closes for season.

*Madame Ristori.*—The month of June has been remarkable in theatrical records, by the performances of this justly celebrated lady, on extra nights at Her Majesty's Theatre. The parts of *Medea*, *Marie Stuart*, *Queen Elizabeth*, *Lady Macbeth*, are rendered by Madame Ristori, with such wonderful care and dramatic power, as command the homage of all who witness a performance that is quite unapproached in its completeness and genius.

## SHAKESPEARIAN MUSEUM.

A temporary Shakespearian Museum, to contain old editions of the Poet's works, or any tracts or relics illustrative of them, has been formed at Stratford-on-Avon. Mr. Halliwell is actively engaged in collecting for this object, and he will be glad either to receive as presents for the Museum, or to purchase, any articles suitable to be preserved there. Persons owning any Shakespeariana, would much oblige by communicating with "J. O. HALLIWELL, Esq., No. 6 St. Mary's Place, West Brompton, London, S.W."

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